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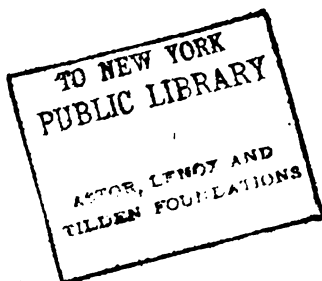


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\* Miss C. W. Huntington  
March 24/24  
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OF THE  
REV. DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

WITH  
*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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# THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies.....*Virg.*

BOOK I.

.....

Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte corusca  
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu  
Terra tremit: fugere feræ; et mortalia corda  
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.....*Virg.*

.....

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great  
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,  
With Britain's hero\* set their souls on fire,  
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;  
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields  
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;  
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,  
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;  
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,  
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

\* The duke of Marlborough.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,  
 And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.  
 Whatever great or dreadful has been done  
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun  
 Is far beneath my daring. I look down  
 On all the splendors of the British crown.  
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;  
 Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !  
 O ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,  
 Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;  
 'Tis our eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !  
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,  
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,  
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of lig  
 Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;  
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;  
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,  
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace  
 In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's fa  
 See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's :  
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roa  
 Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,  
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail,

## THE LAST DAY.

8

Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;  
Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;  
There vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,  
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds :  
There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,  
And into distant lands their shades extend.  
View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,  
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,  
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,  
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;  
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.  
How far from east to west ! the lab'ring eye  
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :  
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,  
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.  
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,  
Call forth the seasons, and the year control :  
They shine thro' time with an unalter'd ray,  
See this grand period rise, and that decay :  
So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace,  
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;  
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,  
'Twere sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears !  
How worthy an immortal round of years !

Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,  
And earth and firmament be sought in vain :  
The track forgot where constellations shone,  
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :  
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,  
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,  
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate !)  
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,  
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;  
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,  
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth ;  
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,  
And (if man's sins forbid not) other Annes ;  
While the still busy world is treading o'er  
The paths they trod five thousand years before,  
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run ;  
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun ;  
(Ye sublunary Worlds ! awake, awake !  
Ye Rulers of the nations ! hear, and shake !)  
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,  
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay,  
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,  
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;  
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,  
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;

## THE LAST DAY.

7

A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,  
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;  
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,  
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd  
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,  
Shall pour a dreadful note ; the piercing call  
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;  
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,  
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast ! to which no equal sound  
Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound,  
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,  
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,  
Tho' God's whole engin'ry, discharg'd and all  
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?  
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?  
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,  
Can promise for the safety of mankind.  
None are supinely good ; thro' care and pain,  
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.  
This is the scene of combat, not of rest ;  
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;  
On this side death his dangers never cease ;  
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.



The conscious soul would this great scene display,  
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,  
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,  
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;  
Such deep impression would the picture make,  
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake :  
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,  
And look regardless down on sea and land ;  
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could retain,  
And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain !  
Her certain conquest would endear the fight  
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,  
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,  
More boldly we our labours may pursue,  
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,  
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,  
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,  
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake :  
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise  
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;

We view with joy what once did horror move,  
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse ! whom dismal scenes delight,  
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;  
Say, melancholy Maid ! if bold to dare  
The last extremes of terror and despair,  
Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,  
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blissful earth who late  
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,  
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,  
Still onward in their circling journey prest ;  
A grateful change of season some to bring,  
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring ;  
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel  
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell :  
Around her some their splendors to display,  
And gild her globe with tributary day :  
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,  
Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,  
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,  
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.  
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,  
No light but from the terrors of the sky :  
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,  
And all into a second chaos tost ;

One universal ruin spreads abroad :  
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, Earth ! thy fate : what then canst thou afford  
To comfort and support thy guilty lord ?  
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,  
How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?  
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow  
His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?  
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,  
That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?  
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?  
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?  
Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand  
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?  
It flies the reach of thought : oh, save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !  
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,  
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;  
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,  
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;  
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,  
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;  
Defend me, O my God ! oh, save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !  
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,  
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;

Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,  
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :  
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,  
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,  
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.  
His heart dismay'd ; and now his fears command  
To change his native for a distant land :  
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree  
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;  
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,  
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?  
This time elaborately thrown away ?  
Words all in vain pant after the distress,  
The height of eloquence would make it less.  
Heavens ! how the good man trembles ?—

And is there a Last Day ? and must there come  
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?  
Ambition ! swell, and, thy proud sails to shew,  
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow ;  
Wealth ! on a golden mountain blazing stand,  
And reach an India forth in either hand ;  
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine !  
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty ! shine :  
Shine all, in all your charms together rise,  
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,

While I mount upward on a strong desire,  
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !  
To smile at death ! to long to be dissolv'd !  
From our decays a pleasure to receive !

And kindle into transport at a grave.  
What equals this ? And shall the victor now  
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?  
Religion ! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright !  
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !  
Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole  
Creation aught but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my Soul ! thy God adore,  
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.  
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,  
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame  
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end ;  
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspect  
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,  
To rest and silence aw'd by his command :  
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,  
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,  
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,  
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.  
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain  
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,  
*When Darkness round him all her horrors spread*

And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head ?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,  
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;  
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,  
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;  
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,  
Look back with terror on their actions past,  
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,  
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away ;  
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;  
Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;  
Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,  
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought  
With gems and gold ; but, oh, the storm so high  
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,  
They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;  
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,  
The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.  
(Hear, O ye Just ! attend ye virtuous few !  
And the bright paths of piety pursue)  
Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,  
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,  
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,  
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand ;  
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,  
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace ;

He bridles in the monsters of the deep ;  
The bridled monsters awful distance keep ;  
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,  
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders ; Nature's Lord  
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,  
And calls the great Leviathan : the great  
Leviathan attends in all his state,  
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,  
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound  
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,  
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air  
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,  
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size,  
The prophet views the cavern with surprise,  
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,  
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side ;  
Then takes possession of the specious seat,  
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,  
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,  
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,  
Where the dead silent waters never flow ;  
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,  
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade ;

Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,  
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,  
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves ;  
When the third morning, with its level rays,  
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,  
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour  
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore ;  
A type of that great blessing which the Muse  
In her next labour ardently pursues.



# THE LAST DAY.

## BOOK II.

.....

We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust ; after which, like the gods, they will be in mortal.

PHOCYL.

.....

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,  
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,  
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,  
And on the borders of new worlds appears.  
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,  
In wide eternity I dare be lost.  
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,  
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.  
I grasp the whole ; no more to parts confin'd,  
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind :  
I sing to men and angels ; angels join,  
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine  
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound  
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,  
An universal concourse to prepare  
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air ;

In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,  
Drives cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,  
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,  
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,  
And render back their long-committed dust ;  
Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs ; and all  
The various bones, obsequious to the call,  
Self-mov'd, advance ; the neck, perhaps, to meet  
The distant head ; the distant legs, the feet.  
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky,  
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,  
To distant regions journeying, there to claim  
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword  
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord :  
Yet one day lost, this deity below  
Became the scorn and pity of his foe ;  
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,  
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade :  
No trumpets sound, no gasping armies yell,  
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell ;  
Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,  
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !  
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,  
Who brought the world in his great rival's head,

'This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,  
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.  
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear  
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,  
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,  
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees that, on a summer's day,  
In airy rings and wild meanders play,  
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end  
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,  
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,  
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,  
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid,  
Or rather coasted on her final state,  
And fear'd, or wish'd, for her appointed fate ;  
This soul, returning with a constant flame,  
Now weds for ever her immortal frame :  
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,  
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd  
First takes a copy of the builder's mind ;  
Before the structure firm, with lasting oak,  
And marble bowels of the solid rock,  
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,  
And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;

The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,  
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome\*,  
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come  
From camps and courts, though great or wise, or just,  
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;  
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,  
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,  
Now populous o'erflows ; a numerous race  
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space :  
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,  
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,  
Labours with man to this his second birth ;  
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,  
And gilded theatres invade the skies,  
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones  
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.  
The most magnificent and costly dome  
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.  
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,  
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave ;  
All's full of man ; and at this dreadful turn  
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.  
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise :  
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,

\* Westminster Abbey.

Shrink backward from the terror of the light,  
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night :  
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood  
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,  
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,  
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;  
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen  
To face the thunders with a godlike mien.  
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above ;  
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move.  
An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,  
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,  
Serene they view, impatient of delay,  
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here greatness prostrate falls ; there Strength gi  
place,

Here Lazars smile ; there Beauty hides her face.  
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans sta  
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.  
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,  
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,  
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,  
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, war  
With juster confidence enjoy the storm,  
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,  
*Have made them public fathers of mankind :*

In that illustrious rank what shining light,  
With such distinguish'd glory, fills my sight ?  
Bend down, my grateful muse ! that homage show,  
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.  
Wickham ! Fox ! Chirchley\* ! hail, illustrious names !  
Who to far distant times dispense your beams ;  
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,  
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.  
All hail, thrice honour'd ! 'twas your great renown  
To bless a people and oblige a crown ;  
And now you rise eternally to shine,  
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God ! oh how shall mortal raise  
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,  
For bounty so profuse to humankind,  
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind ?  
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less  
Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,  
Was nothing ; shall I live, when every fire  
Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire ?  
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
And through the radiant files of angels move ?  
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,  
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,

\* Founders of New-college, Corpus Christi, and All-Soul's in Oxford ; of which the author was a member.

Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,  
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought ?  
All that has being in full concert join,  
And celebrate the depths of love divine !

But, oh ! before this blissful state, before  
Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,  
The judge, descending, thunders from afar,  
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw ;  
Attend great Anna ! with religious awe ;  
Expect not here, the known successful arts  
To win attention, and command our hearts.  
Fiction ! be far away : let no machine,  
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen ;  
Behold the God of Gods indeed descend,  
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend !

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space  
Must entertain the whole of human race,  
At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,  
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.  
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow  
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,  
And ev'ry age and nation pours along ;  
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng ;  
Adam salutes his youngest son : no sign  
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art !  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !  
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been  
spent,

To fix a hero's birthday or descent !  
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,  
To see the glorious race of ancient days ?  
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood  
Illustrious on record before the flood ?  
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,  
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more  
The waves that break on the resounding shore,  
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,  
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above ;  
Those overwhelming armies, whose command  
Said to one empire Fall ; another Stand :  
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn  
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on ;  
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,  
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,  
(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,  
And earth had wanted her fourth Monarchy)  
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host ;  
They all are here, and here they all are lost :  
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,  
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.



This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,  
“ For judgment, judgment, Sons of men ! prepar-  
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,  
And Hell thro’ all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe’er thou art, thou greatest pow’r of earth,  
Bless’d with most equal planets at thy birth,  
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,  
Most realms united in one common lord,  
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine  
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine ;  
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas ! my muse !  
How art thou lost ? what numbers canst thou chuse

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,  
And now the crimson curtains open fly ;  
Lo ! far within, and far above all height,  
Where heaven’s great Sov’reign reigns in worlds  
light,

Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,  
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,  
Creates, supports, confounds ! where time and place  
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,  
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,  
And move obedient at his awful nod ;  
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl  
At random on this air suspended ball,  
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,  
*The bubble breaks, and ’tis eternal death.*

Thence issuing I behold, (but mortal sight  
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)  
I see, on an empyreal flying throne  
Sublimely rais'd, heaven's everlasting Son,  
Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,  
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.  
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,  
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.  
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,  
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.  
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,  
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.  
Where'er, serene, he turns propitious eyes,  
Or we expect or find a Paradise ;  
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,  
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.  
On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light ;  
On one the sword of justice, fiercely bright.  
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed ;  
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed !

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heaven the source  
Of life and death eternal bends his course ;  
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;  
'Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array :  
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,  
And mingling voices in rich concert swell ;

Voices seraphic : bless'd with such a strain,  
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory ! Soul of Bliss !  
What a stupendous turn of fate is this ?  
O ! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn  
And indigence of him in Bethle'm born ;  
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,  
And but a second to the fodder'd beast ?  
How chang'd from him who, meekly prostrate laid,  
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made !  
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,  
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd  
and dy'd ?

Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,  
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below !

And was't enough to bid the sun retire ?  
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire ?  
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine ;  
The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas ! ah ! which blasphem'd,  
'Thou or thy pris'ner ? which shall be condemn'd ?  
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim  
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame !

But God is good ! 'tis wondrous all ! e'en he  
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,  
*From earth full twice a planetary height :*

There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,  
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze ;  
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round  
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound :  
These an immeasurable arch support,  
The grand tribunal of this awful court :  
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,  
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns  
fly :

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,  
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,  
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd ;  
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,  
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,  
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height,  
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,  
And shuts and opens more than half the skies :  
The Cross so strong and red, it sheds a stain,  
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, and main ;  
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,  
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright !  
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.  
Ah turn, unwary Muse ! nor dare reveal  
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.

Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)  
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream ;  
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,  
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway :  
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold  
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind  
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find ?  
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,  
And all the pious violence of pray'r ?  
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,  
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,  
In this great temple, which the skies surround  
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O thou ! whose balance does the mount  
“ weigh,

“ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,  
“ Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to fla  
“ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;  
“ Earth's meanest son, all trembling prostrate fal  
“ And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

“ Oh ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
“ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :  
“ Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,  
“ And wholly dedicate my soul to thee :  
“ Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow  
“ At thy command, nor human motive know !

- " If anger boil, let anger be my praise,  
 " And sin the graceful indignation raise :  
 " My love be warm to succour the distress'd,  
 " And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.  
 " Oh may my understanding ever read  
 " This glorious volume which thy wisdom made !  
 " Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride  
 " Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride ?  
 " Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown ?  
 " And bids old Winter lay her honours down ?  
 " Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,  
 " Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.  
 " May sea, and land, and earth, and heaven, be  
     join'd,  
 " To bring th' eternal Author to my mind !  
 " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,  
 " May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my  
     soul ;  
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,  
 " Adore, my Heart ! the Majesty Divine.  
 " Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,  
 " Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !  
 " Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?  
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :  
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,  
 " The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow :

- " 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,  
" And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the North.  
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,  
" Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;  
" Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,  
" And with the morning sun ascend the skies :  
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,  
" And glow with ardour of consummate love :  
" Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun  
" My endless worship shall be still begun.  
" And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn Night  
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite.  
" When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,  
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;  
" Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,  
" And shew all Nature in a milder light ;  
" How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides !  
" How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !  
" O how divine to tread the Milky Way,  
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;  
" His court admire, or for his favour sue,  
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;  
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,  
" While I long vigils to its founder keep !  
" Canst thou not shake the centre ? Oh, control,  
" Subdue, by force, the rebel in my soul.

- “Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,  
“Restrain the various tumults of my blood :  
“Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain  
“Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain,  
“O may I pant for thee in each desire !  
“And with strong faith foment the holy fire ?  
“Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize  
“Which in Eternity’s deep bosom lies !  
“At the great day of recompence behold,  
“Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !  
“Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,  
“From age to age my grateful song repeat ;  
“My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, see,  
“And rival angels in the praise of thee.”



# THE LAST DAY.

## BOOK III.

.....

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,  
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaue regia cœli  
Ardeat ; et mundi moles operosa labore.

*Ovid Met.*

.....!

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat;  
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate  
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,  
And all the horrors of the world below,  
I next presume to sing. What yet remains  
Demands my last, but most exalted strains ;  
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,  
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.  
She kindles ; she's inflam'd, so near the goal ;  
She mounts : she gains upon the starry pole ;  
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,  
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.  
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,  
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze !  
The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !  
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound !

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Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance ;  
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :  
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,  
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.  
Nor man nor angel moves : the Judge on high  
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky ;  
Then on the fatal book his hands he lays,  
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise ;  
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,  
The seal is broken, and a groan is hear'd.  
And thou my soul ! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,  
And let the thought sink deep !) shalt thou be there ?

See on the left (for by the great command  
The throng divided falls on either hand)  
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene  
What more than death in every face and mien ?  
With what distress, and glarings of affright,  
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight ?  
In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll,  
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul :  
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,  
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair,  
Reader ! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find  
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife.  
And all the soft companions of thy life,

Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,  
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame  
Divided far, thy wretched self alone  
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,  
How would it wound? what millions wouldst  
give

For one more trial, one day more to live?  
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,  
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace,  
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,  
And in that moment to redeem an age?  
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,  
Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!  
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!  
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,  
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!  
Triumphant Beauty! charms that rise above  
This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love!  
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,  
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn,  
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,  
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.  
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?  
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!  
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt  
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws  
nigh,

Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,  
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein,  
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.  
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,  
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,  
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,  
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.  
Since 'Adam's family, from first to last,  
Now into one distinct survey is cast,  
Look round, vain-glorious Muse ! and you whoe'er  
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,  
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,  
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace ;  
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd ;  
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd ;  
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,  
And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;  
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,  
Could bind the madness of the roaring main ;  
All lost ? all undistinguish'd ? nowhere found ?  
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound ?

That hour, on which the Almighty King, on high,  
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,  
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,  
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd ;

Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,  
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;  
The point of time, for which the world was built,  
For which the Saviour's blood itself was spilt,  
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,  
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day ;  
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son  
From realms of night return'd with trophies won ;  
Thro' heaven's high gates when he triumphant rode,  
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.  
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell  
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;  
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,  
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,  
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,  
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey :  
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,  
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space  
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race,  
Proceed who dares !—I tremble as I write ;  
'The whole creation swims before my sight ;  
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow ;  
Say not 'tis distant ; I behold it now :  
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,  
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe,

That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast  
In these, or words like these, shall be express.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?

“ Ah ! cruel Death, that would no longer save,

“ But grudg’d me ev’n that narrow dark abode,

“ And cast me out into the wrath of God ;

“ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,

“ And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,

“ Our only song ; black fire’s malignant light

“ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those powers Heaven gave me to supply

“ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

“ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,

“ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe ;

“ And shall my voice, ordain’d on hymns to dwell,

“ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?

“ Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,

“ And with existence only measure pain ?

“ What ! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,

“ No beam of hope, from any point of heaven !

“ Ah Mercy ! Mercy ! art thou dead above ?

“ Is love extinguish’d in the source of love ?

“ Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to hell ?

“ Th’ expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal ?

“ Have I not been industrious to provoke ?

“ From his embraces obstinately broke ?

- " Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate,  
" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?  
" And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?  
" Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning  
    " flame;  
" Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend  
" The reach of time, despair a distant end?  
" With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,  
" Where Thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies.  
    " Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?  
" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!  
" Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)  
" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;  
" My plunge but still begun—and this for sin?  
" Could I offend if I had never been,  
" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,  
" Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?  
    " Father of mercies! why from silent earth  
" Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?  
" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,  
" And make a thankless present of thy light!  
" Push into being a reverse of thee,  
" And animate a clod with misery?  
    " The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep  
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep:  
" Pain is for man; and, oh! how vast a pain  
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain!

- “ Annull’d his groans, as far as in them lay,  
“ And flung his agonies and death away ?  
“ As our dire punishment for ever strong,  
“ Our constitution too for ever young,  
“ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,  
“ Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;  
“ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !  
“ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !  
“ And this, my Help ! my God ! at thy decree ?  
“ Nature is chang’d, and hell should succour me.  
“ And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,  
“ And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?  
“ Calling thee Father in a sea of fire ?  
“ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?  
“ With mortals’ anguish wilt thou raise thy name,  
“ And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?  
“ Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,  
“ Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;  
“ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;  
“ On me almighty wrath is cast away.  
“ Call back thy thunders, Lord ! hold in thy rage,  
“ Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :  
“ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,  
“ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.  
“ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,  
“ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?



" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,  
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?  
" Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God ! at least  
" This one, this slender, almost no request ;  
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,  
" When Torment is grown weary of its prey,  
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,  
" Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul  
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,  
Tho' loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns  
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ;  
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,  
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain ;  
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore  
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er ;  
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,  
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move  
To take possession of their thrones above,  
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,  
And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;  
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,  
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze ;  
To crop the roses of immortal youth,  
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;

To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,  
And lift the voice to their Almighty King ;  
To lose eternity in grateful lays,  
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,  
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :  
What boldly I begin let others end ;  
My strength exhausting, fainting I descend,  
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,  
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,  
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;  
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all  
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;  
Sharp lightning with the meteors' blaze conspire,  
And, darted downward, set the world on fire :  
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,  
And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,  
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,  
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light !  
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,  
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,  
T'enrage the flame ; it spreads, it soars on high,  
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky :  
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,  
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;

Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm  
The spacious face of a far distant realm ;  
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,  
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack ? that sound which  
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?  
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell ?  
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,  
Which seem'd, above the reach of Fate to stand  
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand,  
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread  
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all  
The various rulers of the sever'd ball  
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,  
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,  
Once call'd Britannia ; can her glories end ?  
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?  
Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas !  
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound ?  
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?  
Where stretch'd waste Lybia ? where did India's store  
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore ?  
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,  
*And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :*

Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,  
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,  
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies ;  
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,  
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,  
Starve its devouring rage ; the flakes aspire,  
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their  
prey ;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away ;  
All, all is lost ; no monument, no sign,  
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.  
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,  
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;  
The devastations of one dreadful hour  
The great Creator's six days work devour :  
A mighty, mighty ruin ! yet one soul  
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;  
Exalted in superior excellence,  
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence.  
Have ye not seen the eternal mountain's nod,  
An earth dissolving, a descending God ?  
What strange surprises thro' all nature ran ?  
For whom these revolutions but for man ?  
For him Omnipotence new measures takes,  
For him thro' all eternity awakes ;

Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply  
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O Man ! how great thou art ;  
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;  
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,  
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.  
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,  
And gaze and wonder there, a ravish'd guest ;  
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,  
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.  
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light  
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright !  
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth !  
There buds the promise of celestial worth !  
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,  
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.  
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,  
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait ;  
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,  
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,  
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high  
Yon' radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :  
That service done, its beams shall fade away,  
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

# THE FORCE OF RELIGION ;

## OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

.....  
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. *Virg.*  
.....

### BOOK I.

.....  
—Ad cœlam ardentia lumina tollens,  
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas,  
..... *Virg.*

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on  
high,

And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,  
My muse ! descend : indulge my fond desire :  
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,  
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise :  
A partial world will listen to my lays,  
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name  
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land !  
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command  
Virtue is beauty : but when charms of mind  
With elegance of outward form are join'd ;  
When youth makes such bright objects still more  
bright,

And Fortune sets them in the strongest light,  
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,  
And all but adoration is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn  
Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen, was born ;  
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,  
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,  
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,  
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,  
And innocently fill'd another's throne,  
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,  
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

• But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,  
With manly reason fortify his heart ?  
At once she longs, and is afraid to know ;  
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,  
To find her lord, and, finding, passes by,  
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye,  
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief disclose  
The mournful secret of his inward woes.

Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,  
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,  
And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,  
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,  
While tender accents melt upon her tongue ;  
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,  
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

“ Grieve not, my lord ; a crown, indeed, is lost ;  
“ What far outshines a crown we still may boast ;  
“ A mind compos'd, a mind that can disdain  
“ A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.  
“ Nothing is loss that virtue can improve  
“ To wealth eternal, and return above ;  
“ Above where no distinction shall be known  
“ Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,  
“ And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate,  
“ Shone forth in all the splendour of the great :  
“ Nor can I find the diff'rence here below ;  
“ I lately was a queen ; I still am so,  
“ While Guilford's wife, thee rather I obey,  
“ Than'o'er mankind extend imperial sway.  
“ When we lie down on some obscure retreat,  
“ Incens'd Maria may her rage forget ;  
“ And I to death my duty will improve,  
“ And what you miss in empire add in love.



"Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,  
"And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.  
"For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,  
"To find with what content we lay it down.  
"Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race  
"Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd  
Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd  
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed  
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head.  
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !  
For, lo ! a guard !—forgive him if he melt—  
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,  
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride  
In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell ;  
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well :  
His pain was equal, but his virtue less ;  
He thought in grief there could be no excess.  
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,  
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair ;  
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,  
And sicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate,  
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,  
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.  
Now on the bridal bed his eyes were cast,  
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past ;

recollected pleasure made him smart,  
every transport stabb'd him to the heart.  
at happy moon which summon'd to delight,  
moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,  
he saw him fold her yet untasted charms  
'd to princes) in his longing arms,  
sees the transient blessing fleet away,  
re of love ! the vision of a day.  
as in the British clime, a summer-storm  
oft' the smiling face of heaven deform ;  
winds with violence at once descend,  
flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend ;  
when winter, while the sun is near,  
comes the season, and inverts the year.  
whither is the captive borne away,  
cauteous captive ! from the cheerful day ?  
scene is chang'd indeed ; before her eyes  
ling'ring locks and unknown horrors rise ;  
 pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,  
my dungeon, and a keeper's frown :  
thoughts each morn invade the lover's breast ;  
night a ruffian locks the queen to rest.  
mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds !  
folk's daughter its advantage finds.  
on's force divine is best display'd  
p desertion of all human aid :

To succour in extremes is her delight,  
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the sig  
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,  
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise  
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,  
And comfort those who come to bring relief :  
We gaze, and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,  
And all the world's vain glories fade away.  
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,  
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,  
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,  
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,  
Address'd her God—" Almighty Power Divine  
" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine ;  
" With honour to light up the name unknown,  
" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.  
" In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd  
" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'  
" I'll bear it well : (O strengthen me to bear !)  
" And if my piety may claim thy care,  
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,  
" And tumult of a court, a future state,  
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore,  
" For one who never guilty sceptre bore !  
" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown ; my lord  
" If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me

Let him survive, his country's name to raise,  
"And in a guilty land to speak thy praise !  
"O may th' indulgence of a father's love,  
"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above !  
"If these are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,  
"And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day  
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way ;  
Through rigid justice rush'd into offence,  
And drank, in zeal, the blood of innocence.  
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn  
The sad necessity of his return ;  
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,  
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain :  
The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;  
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her rest ;  
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,  
She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,  
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.  
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,  
And stretches wide her shadow of command :  
With royal purple is her vision hung ;  
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;  
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;  
Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,  
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade  
The busy trades in city had began  
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.  
In tyrant's breasts the thoughts of vengeance rove  
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse  
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks  
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes  
Awakes, and smiles ; nor night's imposture blam  
Her real pomps were little more than dreams ;  
A short-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,  
That dy'd in birth, that shone and was no more ;  
She turns her side and soon resumes a state  
Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate,  
Serene, though serious, when dread tidings come  
(Ah wretched Guilford !) of her instant doom.  
Sun ! hide thy beams ; in clouds as black as night  
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;  
Or haste more swiftly to the western main,  
Nor let her blood the conscious daylight stain !

Oh ! how severe ! to fall so new a bride,  
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;  
When Time had just matur'd each perfect grace  
And open'd all the wonders of her face !  
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,  
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.

Unhappy fair ! whatever Fancy drew,  
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view ;  
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,  
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights ;  
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears,  
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares :  
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,  
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;  
Who, when her dearest father shall return,  
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,  
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,  
And fill her place in his indulgent heart ;  
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,  
And the bless'd Indian of his cares beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press  
To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;  
She, through th' encircling terrors darts her sight  
To the bless'd regions of eternal light,  
And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends  
Her father and her lord she recommends,  
Unmov'd herself : her foes her air survey,  
And rage to see their malice thrown away.  
She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care—  
But Guilford, who still struggles for his share.  
Still will his form importunately rise,  
Clog and retard her transport to the skies.

As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,  
Now catch the brand with a returning light,  
Thus her soul onward, from the seats above  
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.  
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;  
That heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's  
Now death is welcome : his approach is slow  
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh, mortals ! short of sight, who think the  
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last  
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,  
And oft' in life form one perpetual chain :  
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,  
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to  
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is  
Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;  
The news arrives of her great father's fate.  
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,  
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.  
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last  
Ere the dire sentence on her father past !

A fonder parent Nature never knew,  
And, as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.  
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;  
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.

And can she from all weakness still refrain?

And still the firmness of her soul maintain?

Impossible! a sigh will force its way,

One patient tear her mortal birth betray;

She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,

As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial Patience! how dost thou defeat

The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?

While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace,

To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;

By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,

And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind

What woe still lingers in reserve behind.

Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,

While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.

The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,

By mercy nor by piety confin'd.

What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,

Whose piety itself converts to rage?

She thought, and sigh'd: and now the blood began

To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:

New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,

And on her cheek the fading roses die.

Alas! should Guilford too—When now she's brought

To that dire view, that precipice of thought,



While there she trembling stands, nor dares look  
down

Nor can recede, 'till Heaven's decrees are known.

Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—

But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears !

Not now, as usual, like the rising day,

To chase the shadows and the damps away ;

But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep

And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.

Black were his robes, dejected was his air,

His voice was frozen by his cold despair ;

Slow like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace ;

A dying paleness sat upon his face.

Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,

Her eyes the anguish of her heart confest ;

Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,

And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,

At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;

But when the winds and weighty rains descend,

The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend,

Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,

And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

# THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

## BOOK II.

.....  
Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis? *Virg.*  
.....

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,  
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.  
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,  
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:  
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,  
And Guilford, too, or she had loath'd the sight.  
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,  
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan.  
"Ah! Guilford!" she began, and would have spoke,  
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:  
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,  
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.  
So the youth lost his image in the well,  
When tears upon the yielding surface fell;  
The scatter'd features slid into decay,  
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and control  
The manly temper of the bravest soul,  
What with afflicted beauty can compare,  
And drops of love distilling from the fair ?  
It melts us down : our pains delight bestow,  
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd : and, with excess of pain,  
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain  
The weeping fair : sunk deep in soft desire,  
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire :  
Then tore himself away, and, standing wide,  
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,  
With ill dissembled grief, " My Life ! forbear ;  
" You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear :  
" Did you not chide my grief ? repress your own,  
" Nor want compassion for yourself alone.  
" Have you beheld how, from the distant main,  
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,  
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore,  
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?  
" Thus the successive flows of human race,  
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase ;  
" They sound and swell, their haughty heads they  
" rear,  
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.  
" Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay,  
" *And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?*

Why should you mourn my fate? 'tis most unkind ;  
Your own you bore with an unshaken mind :  
And which, can you imagine, was the dart  
That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart ?  
I cannot live without you ; and my doom  
I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—  
And are again your tears profusely spilt ?  
Oh ! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt ;  
It foils itself if it recal your pain :—  
“ Life of my life ! I beg you to refrain :  
“ The load which Fate imposes you increase,  
“ And help Maria to destroy my peace.”

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ;  
The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.  
Compassion swells our grief ; words soft and kind  
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.  
Her sorrow flow'd in streams ; nor her's alone ;  
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.  
Where are the smiles she wore, when she so late,  
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;  
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,  
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?

’Tis now the Queen’s command they both retreat,  
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :  
She forms the decent misery with joy,  
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.

## THE FORCE OF RELIGION.

A spacious hall is hung with black, all light  
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night :  
From the mid roof a lamp depends on high,  
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky ;  
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,  
Which only shews the darkness of the room :  
A shining axe is on the table laid,  
A dreadful sight ! and glitters thro' the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd,  
A scene of terrors to a guilty mind !  
A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares  
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry love but theirs.  
What can they do ? they fix their mournful eyes—  
Then Guilford thus abruptly ; “ I despise  
“ An empire lost ; I fling away the crown ;  
“ Numbers have laid that bright delusion down ;  
“ But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where  
“ Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair  
“ Oh ! to dwell ever on thy lip ! to stand  
“ In full possession of thy snowy hand !  
“ And, thro' th' unclouded crystal of thine eye  
“ The heavenly treasures of thy mind to spy  
“ Till rapture reason happily destroys,  
“ And my soul wanders thro' immortal joy  
“ Give me the world, and ask me where's  
“ I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, T

nd shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more,

all her charms in silence traces o'er ;

lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,  
l, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,  
m that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,  
roll along the dust, a ghastly ball !

h ! let those tremble who are greatly bless'd !  
who but Guilford could be thus distress'd ?

ne hither, all you happy ! all you great !  
m flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state ;  
think I call your pleasures to destroy,  
to refine, and to exalt, your joy :

ep not ; but smiling, fix your ardent care  
nobler titles than the brave or fair.

As ever such a mournful, moving, sight ?

if you can, by that dull, trembling, light :

v they embrace ; and, mix'd with bitter woe,  
e Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow :  
v they start wide ; fix'd in benumbing care,  
y stiffen into statues of despair :

v, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,  
y rush at once ; they fling their cares behind,  
clasp, as if to death ; new vows repeat,  
quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.

ort delusion ! for the raging pain  
rns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean-time the Queen new cruelty decreed ;  
But ill content that they should only bleed,  
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,  
Instils his poison into Suffolk's heart ;  
And Guilford drank it, hanging on the breast,  
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.  
When now the ministers of Death draw nigh,  
And in her dearest lord she first must die,  
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find  
The most unguarded passes of her mind,  
Bespoke her thus : " Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r  
" Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."  
Her bosom pants ; she draws her breath with pain ;  
A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein ;  
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,  
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds : " Embrace the faith of Rome,  
" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's,  
" doom."

Ye blessed Spirits ! now your charge sustain ;  
The past was ease ; now first she suffers pain :  
Must she pronounce her father's death ? must she  
Bid Guilford bleed ?—It must not, cannot, be.  
It cannot be ! but 'tis the Christian praise,  
Above impossibilities to raise  
The weakness of our nature, and deride  
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.

What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart  
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart ;  
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,  
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake ?  
Yet are we strong : hear the loud tempest roar  
From east to west, and call us weak no more :  
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims  
Our might ; and thunders raise our humble names ;  
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens ; as long  
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong :  
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne ;  
And almost make Omnipotence our own :  
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer ;  
And call forth triumph out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes  
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,  
Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,  
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,  
Shining in majesty, till now unknown ;  
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own ;  
She, rising, speaks : “ If these the terms——?”

Here Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man !  
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran ;  
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,  
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought ;  
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,  
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears ;



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His fears for her alone : he beat his breast,  
And thus the fervour of his soul express :  
“ Oh ! let thy thought o’er our past converse rove,  
“ And shew one moment uninflam’d with love !  
“ Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,  
“ In pity to thyself, forget the past !  
“ Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,  
“ Pronounce his doom whom thou hast held so dear :  
“ Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore  
“ Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more ;  
“ That to continue was its utmost power,  
“ And make the future like the present hour :  
“ Now call a ruffian, bids his cruel sword  
“ Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ?  
“ Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim)  
“ And stain his honour with a traitor’s name.  
“ This might perhaps be borne without remorse,  
“ But sure a father’s pangs will have their force !  
“ Shall his good age, so near its journey’s end,  
“ Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?  
“ His shallow blood all issue at a wound,  
“ Wash a slave’s feet, and smoke upon the ground ?  
“ But he to you has ever been severe ;  
“ Then take your vengeance.”—Suffolk now drew  
    near,  
Bending beneath the burden of his care,  
His robes neglected, and his head was bare :

Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,  
Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming spring :  
Downward he cast a melancholy look,  
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly spoke.  
“ Now deep in years, and forward in decay,  
“ That axe can only rob me of a day :  
“ For thee, my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;  
“ And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain ?  
“ When you shall know a mother's tender name,  
“ My heart's distress no longer will you blame.”  
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard ;  
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :  
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he press'd,  
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast ;  
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,  
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men ! will you no mercy know ?  
Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe ?  
O weak deserters to Misfortune's part,  
By false affection thus to pierce her heart !  
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,  
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky.  
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,  
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,  
When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind  
The broken force of her aspiring mind !

# EPISTLES.

.....

## EPISTLES TO MR. POPE, CONCERNING THE *AUTHORS OF THE AGE.*

### EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nham plan the fi  
wood,  
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,  
Our senate meets ; at parties parties bawl,  
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the sta  
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,  
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sig  
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,  
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.  
Lo ! what from cellars rise, what rush from hig  
Where Speculation roosted near the sky ;  
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,  
And all the garret thunders on the throng !  
O Pope ! I burst ; nor can nor will refrain ;  
I'll write, let others in their turn complain.

Truce, truce, ye Vandals ! my tormented ear  
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer :  
I've heard myself to death ; and, plagu'd each hour,  
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r ?  
For who can write the true absurd like me ?—  
Thy pardon, Codrus ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pope ! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,  
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file ;  
Merit less solid less despite had bred ;  
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.  
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,  
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys ;  
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;  
The man that makes a character makes foes :  
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,  
As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;  
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,  
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting ;  
But as by depredations wasps proclaim  
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,  
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign ;  
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,  
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;  
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark ;  
The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk ;

The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig ;  
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig ;  
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad ;  
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad :  
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;  
Men that read well, or men that only write ?  
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,  
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;  
For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,  
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut :  
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,  
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.  
By thriving men subsists each other trade ;  
Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made :  
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth  
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful Isle ! to thee alone belong  
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song ;  
'Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,  
Where all are free to scandal and to shame ;  
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,  
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please ;  
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense  
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence :  
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires ;  
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires ;

Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,  
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on  
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?

One loses his estate, and down he sits,  
To shew (in vain) he still retains his wits :  
Another marries, and his dear proves keen :  
He writes, as an hyphnotic for the spleen :  
Some write, confin'd by physic ; some by debt ;  
Some for 'tis Sunday ; some because 'tis wet :  
Thro' private pique some do the public right,  
And love their king and country out of spight :  
Another writes because his father writ,  
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound ?  
Neither : why write then ? he wants twenty pound :  
His belly not his brains, this impulse give ;  
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live :  
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,  
With no provision made, but of his theme :  
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,  
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit :  
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,  
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them  
just :

Genius directly from the gods descends,  
And who by labour would distrust his friends ?

Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,  
In immortality he dips his quill ;  
And since blank paper is deny'd the press,  
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess ;  
In various sets, which various words compose,  
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,  
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;  
The priests found out the meaning if they could,  
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the w  
And great concern of an immortal soul !)  
Oft' have I said, " Awake ! exist ! and strive  
" For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !"  
As oft' I overheard the demon say,  
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,  
" I'll meet thee, Youth ! at White's." The yo  
replies

" I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice :  
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare  
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare.  
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,  
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.  
Such heroes have we ! all but life they stake ;  
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake  
Such writers have we ! all but sense they print ;  
*Ev'n George's* praise is dated from the Mint.

contemptible, in arts profane,  
Is, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.  
Or lives before you thus aspire,  
(for you can steal) celestial fire.  
At contrast ! O the beauteous strife !  
In cool writings and Pindaric life :  
With phlegm, but then they live with fire ;  
To the lender, and their works the buyer.  
Nay misfortune, not deride ;  
Ridicule, but laugh at pride :  
Sad but must some mirth confess  
Of Struchio's miscellaneous dress ?  
'Tis but one of the dull works he wrote,  
And editions of his old lac'd coat.  
Nature's commoners, who want a home,  
Wide world for their majestic dome ;  
In a private study of the street,  
Lying full on ev'ry man they meet,  
Against his chaps, who stands amaz'd  
As they did not see, but only gaz'd.  
These bards be rapt into the skies ?  
Not read, you feel their ecstasies.  
Why persist ? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,  
Unfin'd.—“ O, that's already done.”  
Why leases, by the works they print,  
For life, possession of the Mint.



If you mistake, and pity these poor men,  
*Est Ulubris*, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,  
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.  
O frail conclusion ! the reverse is true ;  
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you :  
Treat them, ye Judges ! with an honest scorn,  
And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn :  
There's true goodnature in your disrespect ;  
In justice to the good, the bad neglect :  
For immortality if hardships plead,  
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool  
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?  
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,  
Conviction not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin author, recent from the press,  
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;  
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,  
Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;  
'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !  
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night ;  
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,  
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.  
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,  
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the Town o'erspread ;  
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.  
Who press for fame but small recruits will raise ;  
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,  
Of his immortal work displays the plan,  
And says, " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dismiss,  
" Your glory and my own shall live by this ;  
" Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,  
" And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."  
A statesman has his answer in a trice ;  
" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;  
" What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns,  
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :  
His patron he will patronize no more,  
But rushes like a tempest out of door.  
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !  
Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;  
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,  
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :  
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,  
But 'tis so very foul it won't go off :  
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,  
But when once publish'd they are heard no more.  
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,  
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are  
No ; ev'ry party's tainted by their touch.  
Infected persons fly each public place,  
And none, or enemies alone, embrace :  
To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion's sold ;  
They love and hate, extempore, for gold.  
What image of their fury can we form ?  
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.  
Rest they in peace ? If you are pleas'd to buy,  
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly  
Write they with rage ? the tempest quickly flag  
A state Ulysses tames 'em with his bags :  
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,  
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head  
That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,  
Which far and near ejaculate and spout,  
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout ;  
But when they have bespatter'd all they may  
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away  
With golden forceps these another takes,  
And state-exilirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants enough to p  
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh  
How much it costs the wretch to be so base  
Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgra

Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,  
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?  
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?  
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-self they fight,  
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:  
Whoe'er their crimes for int'rest only quit,  
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,  
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.  
From the same hand how various is the page!  
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!  
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare:  
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.  
If such our writers, startled at the sight,  
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit  
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!  
Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,  
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;  
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,  
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;  
Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene  
Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane;  
A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,  
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;

He's now a serpent, and his double tongue  
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.  
What note can bind him, his evasion such ?  
One knot he well deserves, which might do much  
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake  
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make.  
The snake reigns most ; snakes, Pliny says, are best  
When the brain's perish'd in a human head.  
Ye growling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat thief  
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings !  
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, cursed  
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true ?  
It did in Elkenah, why not in you ?  
Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,  
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,  
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,  
And found his manners suited to his shape.  
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd ;  
So liv'd your prototype, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train  
May tempt mankind to think religion vain ;  
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,  
That gods there are is eminently seen :  
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their peccators  
And marks the murderers of fame from men :

Thro' meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,  
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth :  
Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,  
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt :  
The transient vestments of these frugal men  
Hasten to paper for our mirth again :  
Too soon (O merry melancholy fate !)  
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate :  
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;  
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spite ;  
And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,  
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.  
So fare the men who writers dare commence  
Without their patent, probity, and sense.

From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,  
And Saturday's the learning of the week :  
These lab'ring wits, like paviers, mend our ways,  
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays ;  
Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,  
And hem at ev'ry thump upon your scull :  
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,  
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.  
O how I laugh when I a blockhead see  
Thanking a villain for his probity ;  
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,  
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :

It tickles thro' my soul to hear the cock's  
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,  
Sole patron of his liberties and rights !  
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, the o'erloaded sta  
Discharges all her poor and profligate,  
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,  
And prisons pour their filth into the field ;  
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,  
Compose the black militia of the pen.

## EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

I write at London ; shall the rage abate  
 where it most should shine, the Muses' seat ?  
 ye, mortal or immortal, as they please,  
 earn'd may chuse eternity or ease ?  
 not a royal patron\* wisely strove  
 to the Muse in her Athenian grove ?  
 I new strings to her harmonious shell,  
 given new tongues to those who spoke so well ?  
 these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,  
 the world, and scare our owls away.  
 In-an-while, O Friend ! indulge me, if I give  
 needful precepts how to write and live ;  
 this should be an author's final views :  
 write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.  
 Author ! 'tis a venerable name !  
 few deserve it, and what numbers claim !  
 as'd with sense above their peers refin'd,  
 shall stand up dictators to mankind ?  
 who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?  
 sole proprietor of just applause.  
 Great majesty's benefaction for modern language



Ye restless men ! who pant for letter'd praise,  
With whom would you consult to gain the bays ?—  
With those great authors whose fam'd works you  
read ?

'Tis well ; go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.  
What answer will the laurell'd shade return ?  
Hear it and tremble ! he commands you burn  
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,  
That boasts of nought more excellent than wit.  
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,  
Woe to the page which has not that to plead !  
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote  
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought ;  
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,  
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.  
And in one point is all true wisdom cast ?  
To think that early, we must think at last.

Immortal wits, e'en dead, break nature's laws,  
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause ;  
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,  
(Revers'd ambition !) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted fame : does lucre then,  
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen ?  
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,  
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse :  
His sacred influence never should be sold ;  
'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold :

'Tis immortality should fire your mind :  
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe !  
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe :  
All's on the party of the virtuous man ;  
The good will surely serve him if they can ;  
The bad, when int'rest or ambition guide,  
And 'tis at once their int'rest and their pride ;  
But should both fail to take him to their care,  
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,  
And what is virtue but superior sense ?  
In parts and learning you who place your pride ;  
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.  
What is a scandal of the first renown,  
But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown ?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence ;  
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense :  
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,  
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.  
Flagitious manners make impression deep  
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :  
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame ;  
True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,  
If they confine their talents to the pen ;

When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,  
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.  
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,  
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.  
What instances bleed recent in each thought,  
Of men to ruin by their genius brought ?  
Against their wills what ruin shun,  
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone ?  
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,  
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear :  
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;  
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays,  
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;  
A certain snare to miseries immense,  
A gay prerogative from common sense ;  
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,  
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,  
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;  
Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)  
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal ;  
As it is great to seize the golden prize  
Of place or pow'r, but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,  
Think private merit less than public fame,

And fancy not to write is not to live ;  
Deserve, and take the great prerogative :  
But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost  
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press ;  
Who write, an awful character profess ;  
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,  
And for their stipend an immortal fame.  
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd  
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;  
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :  
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er ;  
Much trust example, but reflection more ;  
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught ;  
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,  
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :  
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,  
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,  
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen ;  
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise ;  
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.  
Much time for immortality to pay  
Is just and wise : for less is thrown away.

Time only can mature the lab'ring brain ;  
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain :  
The same good sense that makes a man excel,  
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.  
Downright impossibilities they seek ;  
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm ;  
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.  
Our age demands correctness ; Addison  
And you this commendable hurt have done.  
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,  
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,  
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest :  
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,  
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare :  
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,  
And is an incense to the part divine.

Not frequent write, tho' you can do it well ;  
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.  
A few good works gain fame ; more sink their price ;  
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :  
They granted you writ well : what can they more,  
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page ]  
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So faintly Lucius censures and commends,  
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause ;  
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.  
Is genius your's ? be your's a glorious end,  
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend.  
The public glory by your own beget ;  
Run nations, run posterity, in debt ;  
And since the fam'd alone make others live,  
First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;  
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.  
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high ;  
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.  
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,  
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,  
Genius and morals be with you the man :  
Defaults in those alone should give offence ;  
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence.  
My narrow-minded satire can't extend  
To Codrus' form ; I'm not so much his friend :  
Himself should publish that (the world agree)  
Before his works, or in the pillory.  
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,  
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour? it has this pretence,  
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.  
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,  
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er,  
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.  
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,  
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.  
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn  
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.  
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,  
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life;  
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,  
Slighted by fools, and cherished by the wise:  
Except peculiar fame from these alone;  
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er;  
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.  
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,  
And if they slightly think 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown;  
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.  
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,  
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;  
Clear be the style, the very sound of force;

Easy the conduct, simple the design,  
 Striking the moral, and the soul divine.  
 Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ;  
 O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your creed ;  
 Thus Virtue's seeds, at once, and laurels, grow ;  
 Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau ;  
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,  
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines.  
 Parts but expose those men who Virtue quit ;  
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;  
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,  
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.  
 Would you restore just honours to the pen ?  
 From able writers rise to worthy men.

" Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain ?  
 " Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?  
 " Who damns our trash with so much trash replete ?  
 " As three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat ?"

Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,  
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?  
 With huge examens overwhelm my page,  
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?  
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,  
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime ?  
 Sure next to writing, the most idle thing  
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.



At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,  
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe :  
Time is the judge ; Time has nor friend nor foe ;  
False fame must wither, and the true will grow.  
Arm'd with this truth all critics I defy ;  
For if I fall, by my own pen I die ;  
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,  
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread  
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,  
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,  
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign,  
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field,  
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield,  
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray  
In all his might, and damns me for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green  
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,  
(Ridiculous in rage !) to hiss, not bite,  
So war their quills when sons of Dulness write.

## AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,  
 And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone ;  
 While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,  
 Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,  
 Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,  
 And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain ;  
 Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,  
 And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,  
 Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you ;  
 The Muses' friend is pleas'd, the Muse should press  
 Thro' circling crowds, and labour for access ;  
 That partial to his darling he may prove,  
 And shining throngs for her approach remove,  
 To all the world, industrious to proclaim  
 His love of arts, and boast, the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,  
 Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead ;  
 Fell Discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,  
 And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd ;  
 By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,  
 Nor Heav'n repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summer's plenteous fields bestow'd,  
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd ;  
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasures chas'd,  
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste ;  
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,  
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry Spring ;  
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,  
Not by the various aspects of the year ;  
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,  
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now, (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,  
When such as you are near her glorious Queen !)  
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,  
And bids us smile on all our labours past ;  
Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,  
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own :  
'To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;  
No longer is the great man born to bleed :  
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,  
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell ;  
Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,  
And, without trembling, we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,  
No longer waves uncertain of its lord :  
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,  
Nor chance of battle change the master's name :

Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly  
flows,

The brighter sun a fuller day bestows ;  
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,  
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain  
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,  
But rises to new life, in ev'ry field  
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;  
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,  
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace  
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.  
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,  
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed ;  
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,  
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.

See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,  
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France :  
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,  
(Bless'd change of Fate !) in Bourbon's stately dome,  
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,  
Will not that Anna call him all her own ;  
He claims a part ! and looking round to find  
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,  
A di'mond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,  
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear ;

Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one  
Who makes him less regret his darling son :  
So dear is Anna's minister, so great  
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer too, in vain  
Does Nature interpose the raging main :  
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,  
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows :  
From conflicts past each others worth we find,  
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd :  
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love,  
And former injuries endearments prove.  
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword  
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford ?  
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame  
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?  
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,  
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.  
A thousand happy consequences flow,  
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)  
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll  
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.  
The British merchant, who, with care and pain,  
For many moons sees only skies and main,  
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,  
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,

Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,  
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind :  
Our hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,  
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.  
Sweet Philomela providently flies  
To distant woods and streams for fresh supplies,  
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,  
And with their tender notes attempt to sing ;  
Mean-while the fowler spreads his secret snare,  
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.  
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,  
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,  
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.  
To conquer is to make dissention cease,  
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.  
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,  
And shine abroad in perfect excellence ;  
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,  
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.  
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest ;  
The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,  
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,  
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,  
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone :

Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,  
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.  
Anne, too, shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile  
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.  
Those mighty souls, whom military care  
Diverted from their only great affair,  
Shall bend their full united force, to bless  
Th' almighty Author of their late success.  
And what is all the world subdu'd to this ?  
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.  
But there are conquests to great Anna known,  
Above the splendour of an earthly throne ;  
Conquests ! whose triumph is too great within  
The scanty bounds of matter to begin ;  
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run  
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,  
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,  
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day ;  
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,  
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell ;  
Then deep into eternity retire ;  
Of greater things than peace or war enquire ;  
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know  
What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave  
*To die but once, nor peace-meal seek the grave :*

On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet  
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,  
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,  
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)  
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear  
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,  
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their  
blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food.  
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage  
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.  
On heav'n without a sin we now may call,  
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall ;  
Be christians while we pray ; nor in one breath  
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O ! I view with transport arts restor'd,  
Which double use to Britain shall afford,  
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,  
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield :  
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,  
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,  
In such bright images, such living grace,  
As leave great Raphael but the second place ;  
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,  
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes :  
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,  
And yet consent those battles prove our last,



Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,  
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.  
In silent groves the birds delight to sing,  
Or near the margin of a secret spring :  
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,  
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,  
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing ?  
The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,  
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.  
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,  
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar ;  
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal ! was dead,  
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled :  
For Janus shut, her Io Pæans rung,  
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,  
(A thousand various forms become the fair)  
But shines in none with more majestic mien,  
Than when in s<sup>t</sup>ate she draws the purple scene ;  
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,  
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage ;  
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use  
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce ;  
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind ;  
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,

Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks ;  
The hero's presence deep impression makes ;  
The scene his soul and body re-unite,  
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight ;  
Make our contemporary him that stood  
High in renown, perhaps before the flood ;  
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,  
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,  
Whence nobler service to his country spring,  
Than from those labours which, in man's despight,  
Possess him with a passion for the right ?

With honest magic make the knave inclin'd  
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind ;  
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,  
And with her wants and anguish fall in love ?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,  
And does not wish the glorious pain his own ?  
Lend but your understanding, and their skill  
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will :  
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past ;  
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl  
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,  
And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour  
(The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r ?

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,  
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd  
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,  
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd ;  
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,  
And on her own confession charge the lie.  
Thus they whom neither the prevailing love  
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,  
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,  
Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,  
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd  
Their wonted disposition of the mind :  
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,  
As circling glasses on our senses steal,  
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,  
The passion tossing, all the soul alarm'd,  
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage  
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,  
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,  
Or turn the poinard of some tyrant king.  
How can they cool to villains ? how subside  
To dregs of vice, from such a godly pride ?  
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,  
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn ?  
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit  
To govern and control the world of wit

As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known?  
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own ;  
He in the lap of Elegance was bred,  
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head ;  
But much we hope he will enjoy at home  
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,  
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,  
When I the British genius would advance :  
There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,  
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast,  
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress  
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less :  
What tho' we wrong him ? Isabella's woe  
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,  
The drama glories in the British Muse.  
The French are delicate, and nicely lead  
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread.  
Our genius more affects the grand than fine ;  
Our strength can make the great plain action shine :  
They raise a great curiosity indeed,  
From his dark maze to see the hero freed !  
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show  
Gasping beneath some formidable blow ;  
They sigh ; we weep : the Gallic doubt and care  
We heighten into terror and despair ;

Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch  
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much  
What's great in Nature we can greatly draw,  
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.  
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain  
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain ;  
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwov  
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love :  
We know heaven made him a far greater man  
Than any Cæsar in a human plan ;  
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd  
To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.  
To claim attention, and the heart invade,  
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty  
Our neighbour's stage art too barefac'd betray  
'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry scene we praise :  
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls ;  
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain fall  
Then with a sigh, returns our audience home,  
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome  
France yields not to the glory of our lines,  
But manly conduct of our strong designs.  
That oft they think more justly we must own,  
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown :  
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too  
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.

So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,  
But change a sentiment you make a fault :  
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame :  
When we boast more we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find  
That makes me less esteem all humankind ;  
He made one nature, and another found :  
Both in one page with master strokes abound :  
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,  
Bids us no longer at our nurses smile.  
Of lost historians we almost complain,  
Nor think it the creation of his brain.  
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance ?  
With his great Talbot\*, too, he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run  
In great descendants ; Shakespeare has but one ;  
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,  
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame :—  
Yet I in vain that author would suppress ;  
What can't be greater cannot be made less :  
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,  
And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise, unblest'd with Talbot's  
smile,  
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle ;

\* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who  
quered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

But if that reigning star propitious shine,  
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,  
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,  
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,  
No human force could pluck the golden bough  
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's comma  
And spare the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate ! that gives me leave to wri  
To you the Muses glory and delight,  
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise  
And mortify an author with your praise.  
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due  
But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from  
Faults are our pride and gain, when you desc  
To point them out, and teach us how to mend  
What tho' the great man sets his coffers wide  
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,  
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,  
Is best rewarded when best understood ?  
The Muses write for glory, not for gold ;  
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold :  
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves ;  
To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves ;  
The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no  
st judge, as well as subject, of her song.

Should this great theme allure me farther still,  
And I presume to use your patience ill,  
The world would plead my cause, and none but you  
Will take disgust at what I now pursue.  
Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll chuse  
A theme that's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,  
Without a spark of his immortal flame ?  
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,  
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend ;  
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,  
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,  
And such familiar glories spread around,  
As more incline the stander-by to raise  
His value for himself, than you to praise.  
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,  
Bless all, on none an obligation lay,  
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,  
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mien ;  
You to be happy want not to be seen ;  
Tho' priz'd in public, you can smile alone,  
Nor court an approbation but your own :  
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze  
In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please,



You, were all blind, would still deserve applause ;  
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause ;  
That lies beyond the limits of the day,  
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence,  
A gift which Nature rarely does dispense :  
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone  
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.  
You wish not those who shew your name respect,  
So little worth as might excuse neglect ;  
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know ;  
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe ;  
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim  
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good ; that told, so well  
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.  
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd ;  
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd :  
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,  
Who meant he conquer'd only said he fought.

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,  
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)  
You are not cast upon a stranger land,  
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand ;  
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,  
In toys to shun the discipline of thought ;

But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,  
You chuse companions from all human race ;  
Converse with those the deluge swept away,  
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent  
To those ideas your own thoughts present ;  
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,  
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.  
In Grecian sages you are only taught  
With more respect to value your own thought.  
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew  
Those precepts we behold alive in you.  
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,  
It makes that history they meant for rules.  
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise,  
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,  
When in each learned page that you unfold,  
You find some part of your own conduct told ?

So pleas'd and so surpris'd Æneas stood,  
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,  
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd  
His story shining forth in all its pride ;  
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand  
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being who's confin'd  
In converse and reflection on mankind :

Your soul, which understands her charter well,  
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell ;  
Ranges eternity without the leave  
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,  
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss  
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,  
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.  
Ye kings ! would ye true greatness understand ?  
Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand\*.

Behold the glories of your life complete !  
Still at a flow, and permanently great :  
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,  
And yet your greatest is that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat  
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great ;  
Confess'd, not made him such ; for faithful Fame  
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name  
Tho' you in modesty the title wear,  
Your name shall be the title of your heir,  
Farther than ermine make his glory known,  
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.  
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,  
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.  
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers !  
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.

\* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled Heroic Love.

Anna ! be thou content to fix the fate  
Of various kingdoms, and control the great ;  
But, O ! to bid thy Granville brighter shine !  
To him that great prerogative resign,  
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,  
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,  
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear ;  
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame  
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice ;  
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice :  
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,  
But friends, indeed, goodnature in excess.  
You cannot boast the merit of a choice  
In making him your own ; 'twas Nature's voice,  
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,  
Leading a tie far nearer than of blood ;  
Similitude of manners, such a mind,  
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.  
Such ease his common converse recommends,  
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's ;  
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force  
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course.\*

\* His Lordship's nephew who took orders.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,  
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,  
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd,  
The piant branches dance in ev'ry wind ;  
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,  
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend !  
Alas ! with me the joys of friendship end.  
O Harrison ! I must, I will, complain ;  
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain  
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore  
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more !—  
Thy task was early done, and I must own  
Death kind to thee, but ah ! to thee alone.  
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,  
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn ;  
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive ;  
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aching heart and a foreboding mind,  
I night to day in painful journey join'd,  
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,  
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.  
'Twas past ; his cheek was cold ; that tuneful tongue  
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,  
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,  
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :

Each art of life in which he bore a part,  
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.  
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,  
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,  
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,  
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,  
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,  
No longer now his own, no longer mine,  
He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll;  
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;  
Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware  
Of holding worth, however great, too dear\*!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,  
That in untimely freedom seeks relief:  
To better fate your love I recommend;  
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!  
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!  
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers:  
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;  
To make the muse immortal you was born.  
Sing! and in latest time, when story's dark,  
This period your surviving fame shall mark;

\* The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,  
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,  
And Anna Britain sway'd when Granville sung ;  
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,  
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

## A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

*Occasioned by the death of the*

RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON.

.....

.....Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. *Virg.*

.....

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,  
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;  
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,  
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;  
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion ! bring,  
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing :  
 A darling theme ! once pow'rful to inspire,  
 And now to melt the Muses' mournful choir :  
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend  
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,  
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.  
 See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,  
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years.:



Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,  
 Thinks in his thought, and in his number sings  
 All read transported his pure classic page ;  
 Read and forget their climate and their age .

The state, when now his rising fame was known  
 Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,  
 Nor would that one for scenes or action strong,  
 Should let a life evaporate in song.

As health and strength the brightest charms display  
 Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :  
 Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,  
 With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,  
 In conscious pride their own importance find,  
 Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !  
 Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,  
 The slight amusement of a leisure hour,  
 Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,  
 Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,  
 Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy ;  
 Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,  
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast  
 In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :  
 This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth  
 From the malignant regions of the north,

To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,  
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;  
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,  
And sense, enliven'd, sparkles in the sun.  
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave  
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,  
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,  
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,  
And equal wonder in her turn confest,  
To see her fervours rivall'd by the pole,  
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :  
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,  
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,  
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,  
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought ;  
Great work ! By Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain, a support,  
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ;  
And when the public welfare would permit,  
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.  
O Warwick ! (whom the muse is fond to name,  
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)  
O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright,  
How early didst thou catch his radiant light !

By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,  
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately borne,  
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,  
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,  
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.  
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;  
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see ;  
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time  
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :  
He first the plant to richer gardens led,  
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :  
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,  
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares, the grove he sought  
And fill'd, the leisure interval with thought,  
The various labours of his easy page,  
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.  
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,  
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,  
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.  
A glory more sublime remains in store,  
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.  
No fuller proof of pow'r the Almighty gave,  
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,  
But their fair purpose and important end ;  
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,  
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause ;  
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,  
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.  
Where had'st thou room, great Author ! where to roll  
The mighty theme of an immortal soul ?  
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were  
brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?  
One let me join, all others may excel,  
" How could a mortal essence think so well ?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise ?  
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :  
In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend  
The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend !  
His glory such it borders on disgrace  
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,  
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,  
Tickell ! accept this verse, thy mournful due ;  
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue ;  
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,  
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.  
Tho' sweet in numbers, tho' a fire divine  
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,

Who strives not for that excellence he draws,  
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare  
The noble work well trusted to thy care,  
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,  
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.  
Collect the labours, join the various rays,  
The scatter'd light in one united blaze ;  
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,  
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd  
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile  
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile ;  
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,  
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.  
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend  
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ?  
Think not, O Patriot ! while thy eyes o'erflow,  
Those cares suspended for a private woe ;  
Thy love to him is to thy country shewn ;  
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

## ODES.

.....

## OCEAN; AN ODE.

*Occasioned by his Majesty's Royal Encouragement  
of the Sea Service.*

To which is prefixed

*AN ODE TO THE KING.*

.....

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. *Speech, Jan. 27. 1727-8.*

## TO THE KING.

OLD Ocean's praise  
Demands my lays ;  
A truly British theme I sing ;  
A theme so great  
I dare complete,  
And join with Ocean Ocean's King.  
To gods and kings,  
The poet sings ;  
To kings and gods the muse is dear ;  
The muse inspires  
With all her fires ;  
Begin, my soul ! thy bold career.  
From awful state,  
From high debate,  
From morning-splendors of a crown,  
From homage pay'd,  
From empires weigh'd  
From plans of blessings and renown ;  
Great monarch ! bow  
Thy beaming brow ;  
To thee I strike the sounding lyre,  
With proud design  
In verse to shine ;  
Greece and Roman fire.

The Roman ode  
Majestic flow'd,  
Its stream divinely clear and strong ;  
Its sense and sound  
Thebes roll'd profound :  
The torrent roar'd and foam'd along.  
Let Thebes, nor Rome,  
So fam'd, presume  
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;  
Late time shall know  
The north can glow,  
If dread Augustus deign to smile.  
The work is done !  
The distant sun  
His smile supplies ! exalts my voice  
Through earth's wide bound  
Shall George resound,  
My theme, by duty, and by choice.  
The naval crown  
Is all his own !  
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,  
His will performs  
Thro' waves and storms  
And rides in triumph round the ball.



Since then the main  
Sublimes my strain,  
To whom should I address my song ?  
To whom but thee ?  
The boundless sea,  
And grateful muse to George belong.  
Hail, mighty theme !  
Rich mine of fame !  
If gods invok'd extend their aid ;  
Hail subject new !  
As Britain's due  
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.  
Durst Homer's muse,  
Or Pindar's, choose  
To pour the billows on his string ?  
No, both defraud  
The tuneful god :  
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.  
No former race  
With strong embrace,  
This theme to ravish durst aspire ;  
With virgin charms  
My soul it warms,  
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,  
My fingers fly,  
Now pause, and now fresh music spring ;  
Now dance, now creep,  
Now dive, now sweep,  
And fetch the sound from every string.

Now numbers rise,  
Like virgin sighs ;  
The soft Favonians melt away ;  
As from the north ,  
Now rushes forth  
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file  
With curious toil ;  
Ye Graces turn the glowing lines ;  
On anvils neat  
Your strokes repeat,  
And ev'ry stroke the work refines !

How music charms !  
How metre warms !  
Parent of actions good and brave !  
How vice it tames !  
And worth inflames !  
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

Jove mark'd for man  
A scanty span,  
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;  
Wit scorns the grave ;  
To wit he gave  
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !  
  
Since years will fly,  
And pleasures die,  
Day after day, as years advance ;  
Since while life lasts  
Joy suffers blasts  
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance ;  
  
Nor life is long,  
But soon we throng,  
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore ;  
We make at least  
Of bad the best,  
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.  
  
Our strains divide  
The laurel's pride ;  
With those we lift to life we live ;  
By Fame enroll'd  
With heroes bold,  
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise  
Can fire my lays  
Like his with whom my lay begun ?  
" Justice sincere,  
" And courage clear,  
" Rise the two columns of his throne.  
" How form'd for sway !  
" Who look obey,  
" They read the monarch in his port :  
" Their love and awe  
" Supply the law,  
" And his own lustre makes the court.  
" But shines supreme,  
" Where heroes flame ;  
" In war's high-hearted pomp he prides !  
" By godlike arts  
" Enthron'd in hearts,  
" Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides."  
Our factions end !  
The nations bend !  
For when Britannia's sons, combin'd  
In fair array,  
All march one way ;  
They march the terror of mankind.

If equal all  
Who tread the ball,  
Our bounded prospect, here, would end ;  
But heroes prove  
As steps to Jove,  
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.  
From what we view  
We take the clue  
Which leads from great to greater things :  
Men doubt no more,  
But gods adore,  
When such resemblance shines in kings.  
On yonder height  
What golden light  
Triumphant shines, and shines alone.  
Unrival'd blaze !  
The nations gaze !  
'Tis not the sun ; 'tis Britain's throne.  
Our monarch there,  
Rear'd high in air,  
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend ;  
Like British oak,  
Derides the stroke ;  
His blooming honours far extend !

Beneath them lies,  
With lifted eyes,  
Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid ;  
While interest wings  
Bold foreign kings  
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.  
At his proud foot  
The sea, pour'd out,  
Immortal nourishment supplies ;  
Thence wealth, and state,  
And power, and fate,  
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

OCEAN.

*AN ODE.*

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

.....

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clasp  
hands. *Psalm*

.....

SWEET rural scene  
Of flocks and green !  
At careless ease my limbs are spread :  
All Nature still  
But yonder rill,  
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.  
In prospect wide  
The boundless tide !  
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar ;  
Without a breeze  
The curling seas  
Dance on in measure to the shore.  
Who sings the source  
Of wealth and force ?  
Vast field of commerce, and big war,

Where wonders dwell !  
Where terrors swell !  
And Neptune thunders from his car ?  
Where, where are they  
Whom Pœan's ray  
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ?——  
What ! none aspire ?  
I snatch the lyre,  
And plunge into the foaming wave,  
The wave resounds !  
The rock rebounds !  
The Nereids to my song reply !  
I lead the choir,  
And they conspire,  
With voice and shell, to lift it high.  
They spread in air  
Their bosoms fair,  
Their verdant tresses pour behind ;  
The billows beat  
With nimble feet,  
With notes triumphant swell the wind.  
Who love the shore,  
Let those adore  
The god Apollo, and his nine,



Parnassus' hill,  
And Orpheus' skill,  
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main ! the main !  
Is Britain's reign ;  
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet :  
The main ! the main !  
Be Britain's strain ;  
As Tritons strong, as Syrens sweet.

Through nature wide  
Is nought descry'd  
So rich in pleasure or surprise ;  
When all-serene,  
How sweet the scene ;  
How dreadful when the billows rise !

And storms deface  
The fluid glass,  
In which ere-while Britannia, fair,  
Look down with pride,  
Like Ocean's bride,  
Adjusting her majestic air !  
When tempests cease,  
And, hush'd in peace,  
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,

Deep silence keep,  
And seem to sleep  
Recumbent on their oozy bed,  
With what a trance  
The level glance,  
Unbroken, shoots along the seas !  
Which tempt from shore  
The painted oar,  
And ev'ry canvass courts the breeze !  
When rushes forth  
The frowning North  
On black'ning billows, with what dread  
My shudd'ring soul  
Beholds them roll,  
And hears their roarings o'er my head !  
With terror mark  
Yon flying bark !  
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;  
Now toss'd on high,  
It takes the sky,  
A feather on the tow'ring wave !  
Now spins around  
In whirls profound :  
Now overwhelm'd, now pendant near the clouds ;

Now, stunn'd, it reels  
Midst thunder's peals,  
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.  
All ether burns !  
Chaos returns !  
And blends, once more, the seas and skies ;  
No space between  
Thy bosom green,  
O Deep ! and the blue concave lies.  
The northern blast,  
The shatter'd mast,  
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,  
The breaking spout,  
The stars gone out,  
The boiling streight, the monster shock.  
Let others fear ;  
To Britain dear  
Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;  
Those terrors charm  
Which keep her warm  
In chase of honest gain or fame.  
The stars are bright  
To cheer the night,  
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire ;

And Phœbus flames,  
With burnish'd beams,  
Which some adore, and all admire.  
Are then the seas  
Outshone by these ?  
Bright Thetis ! thou art not outshone ;  
With kinder beams,  
And softer gleams,  
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.  
There, set in green,  
Gold stars are seen,  
A mantle rich, thy charms to wrap ;  
And when the sun  
His race has run,  
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.  
Those clouds, whose dyes  
Adorn the skies,  
That silver snow, that pearly rain,  
Has Phœbus stole,  
To grace the pole,  
The plunder of th' invaded main !  
The gaudy bow,  
Whose colours glow,  
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,

To Phœbus' ray,  
Which paints so gay,  
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.  
In chambers deep,  
Where waters sleep,  
What unknown treasures pave the floor !  
The pearl, in rows,  
Pale lustre throws ;  
The wealth immense which storms devour.  
From Indian mines,  
With proud designs,  
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;  
The tempests rise  
And seize the prize,  
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.  
His son complains  
In pious strains ;  
" Ah ! cruel thirst of gold," he cries ;  
Then ploughs the main  
In zeal for gain,  
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.  
Thou wat'ry vast !  
What mounds are cast  
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er !

Thy proudest foam  
Must know its home ;  
But rage of gold disdains a shore.  
Gold pleasure buys ;  
But pleasure dies ;  
Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;  
Though raptures court,  
The sense is short ;  
But virtue kindles living joys !  
Joys felt alone !  
Joys ask'd of none !  
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss ;  
Joys that subsist,  
Though fates resist,  
An unprecious, endless bliss !  
The soul refin'd  
Is most inclin'd  
To ev'ry moral excellence ;  
All vice is dull,  
A knave's a fool,  
And virtue is the child of Sense.  
The virtuous mind,  
Nor wave nor wind,  
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,

The shaken ball,  
Nor planet's fall,  
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,  
And therefore glows  
With gen'rous passions, and expends  
Her wealth and zeal  
On public weal,  
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great  
As that which late  
Awoke the genius of the Main ;  
Which tow'ring rose,  
With George to close,  
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

A voice has flown  
From Britain's throne  
To reinflame a grand design ;  
That voice shall rear  
Yon fabric fair\*,  
As Nature's rose at the divine.

When Nature sprung  
Bless'd angels sung,  
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;

\* A new fund for Greenwich hospital, recommended from the throne.

For strains as high  
As man's can fly  
The sea-devoted honours call.  
From bois'rous seas,  
The lap of Ease  
Receives our wounded and our old ;  
High domes ascend !  
Stretch'd arches bend ;  
Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !  
So sleeps the grain,  
In fost'ring rain,  
And vital beams, till Jove descend ;  
Then bursts the root,  
The verdures shoot,  
And earth enrich, adorn, defend.  
Here, soft reclin'd,  
From wave, from wind,  
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,  
To cheat their care,  
Of former war  
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.  
In lengthen'd tales  
Our fleet prevails ;  
In tales, the lenitives of age !



And o'er the bowl  
They fire the soul  
Of list'ning youth to martial rage.  
The story done,  
Their setting sun,  
Serenely smiling down the west,  
In soft decay  
They drop away ;  
And honour leads them to their rest.  
Unhappy they !  
And falsely gay !  
Who bask for ever in success :  
A constant feast  
Quite palls the taste,  
And long enjoyment is distress.  
What charms us most,  
Our joy, our boast,  
Familiar, loses all its gloss ;  
And gold refin'd  
The sated mind  
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.  
When, after toil,  
His native soil  
The panting mariner regains,

What transport flows  
From bare repose ?  
We reap our pleasure from our pains.  
Ye warlike ! slain  
Beneath the main,  
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet,  
Who bought with blood  
Your country's good,  
Your country's full-blown glory greet\*.  
What pow'rful charm  
Can Death disarm ?  
Your long, your iron slumbers break :  
By Jove, by Fame,  
By George's name,  
Awake ! awake ! awake !  
Our joy so proud,  
Our shout so loud,  
Without a charm the dead might hear :  
And, see ! they rouse  
Their awful brows,  
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear !  
With spiral shell,  
Full-blasted, tell,  
That all your wat'ry realms should ring ;

\* Written soon after K. George the First's accession.

Your pearl alcoves,  
Your coral groves,  
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

As long as stars  
Guide mariners,  
As Carolina's virtues please,  
Or suns invite  
The ravish'd sight,  
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both !  
Our soil's strong growth,  
And our bold natives' hardy mind ;  
Sure heaven bespoke  
Our hearts and oak,  
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth  
Of teeming earth,  
Of forest fair that daughter proud,  
To foreign coasts  
Our grandeur boasts,  
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud :  
Now, big with war,  
Sends fate from far,  
If rebel realms their fate demand ;

Now sumptuous spoils  
Of foreign soils  
Pours in the bosom of our land.  
Hence Britain lays  
In scales, and weighs  
The fates of kingdoms and of kings ;  
And as she frowns,  
Or smiles, on crowns,  
A night or day of glory springs.  
Thus Ocean swells  
The streams and rills,  
And to their borders lifts them high,  
Or else withdraws  
The mighty cause,  
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.  
How mix'd, how frail,  
How sure to fail,  
Is ev'ry pleasure of mankind !  
A damp destroys  
My blooming joys,  
While Britain's glory fires my mind :  
For who can gaze  
On restless seas,  
Unstruck with life's more restless state ?

Where all are toss'd  
And most are lost,  
By tides of passion, blasts of fate.  
The world's the main,  
How vex'd ! how vain !  
Ambition swells, and anger foams ;  
May good men find,  
Beneath the wind,  
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes !  
The public scene  
Of harden'd men,  
Teach me, O teach me to despise !  
The world few know,  
But to their woe,  
Our crimes with our experience rise.  
All tender sense  
Is banish'd thence,  
All maiden Nature's first alarms ;  
What shock'd before  
Disgusts no more,  
And what disgusted has its charms.  
In landscapes green  
True Bliss is seen,  
With Innocence, in shades, she sports ;

In wealthy towns  
Proud Labour frowns,  
And painted Sorrow smiles in courts.

These scenes untry'd  
Seduc'd my pride,  
To Fortune's arrow bar'd my breast,  
Till Wisdom came,  
A hoary dame,  
And told me pleasure was in rest,

" Oh may I steal

" Along the vale

" Of humble life, secure from foes !

" My friend sincere,

" My judgment clear,

" And gentle business my repose.

" My mind be strong,

" To combat wrong ;

" Grateful, O King ! for favours shewn ;

" Soft to complain,

" For others' pain,

" And bold to triumph o'er my own !

" (When Fortune's kind)

" Acute to find,

" And warm to relish ev'ry boon,

- “ And wise to still  
“ Fantastic ill,  
“ Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon.  
“ No fruitless toils,  
“ No brainless broils,  
“ Each moment levell’d at the mark !  
“ Our day so short  
“ Invites no sport ;  
“ Be sad and solemn when ’tis dark.  
“ Yet Prudence still  
“ Rein thou my will !  
“ What’s most important make most dear !  
“ For ’tis in this  
“ Resides true Bliss ;  
“ True Bliss, a deity severe.  
“ When temper leans  
“ To gayer scenes,  
“ And serious life void moments spares,  
“ The sylvan chase  
“ My sinews brace !  
“ Or song unbend my mind from cares !  
“ Nor shun, my soul,  
“ The genial bowl,  
“ Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow !

- " Ingredients these  
" Above to please  
" The laughing gods, the wise below.  
" Though rich the vine,  
" More wit than wine,  
" More sense than wit, good-will, than art,  
" May I provide !  
" Fair truth, my pride !  
" My joy, the converse of the heart !  
" The gloomy brow,  
" The broken vow,  
" To distant climes, ye gods ! remove ;  
" The nobly-soul'd  
" Their commerce hold  
" With words of truth, and looks of love.  
" Oh glorious aim !  
" Oh wealth supreme !  
" Divine benevolence of soul !  
" That greatly glows,  
" And freely flows,  
" And in one blessing grasps the whole !  
" Prophetic schemes,  
" And golden dreams,  
" May I, unsanguine, cast away ;



" Have what I have,  
" And live, not leave,  
" Enamour'd of the present day !  
" My hours my own,  
" My faults unknown,  
" My chief revenue in content ;  
" Then leave one beam  
" Of honest fame,  
" And scorn the labour'd monument !  
" Unhurt my urn,  
" Till that great turn  
" When mighty Nature's self shall die ;  
" Time cease to glide,  
" With human pride,  
" Sunk in the ocean of eternity."

# SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

.....

## DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY Muse, a bird of passage, flies  
 From frozen clime to milder skies :  
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,  
 A beam of favour here deny'd ;  
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride  
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.  
 To dive full deep in ancient days,\*  
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,  
 And monarchs aggrandize—the glory thine ;  
 Thine is the drama, how renown'd ;  
 Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound ;—  
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

\* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XII.

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou where?  
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!  
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:  
How will thy name illustrious raise.  
My sinking song! Mere mortal lays,  
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.  
"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?  
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—  
No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;  
On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,  
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,  
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.  
Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,  
And gave thee clearly to descry  
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong:  
Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,  
Nor could thy modesty do less,  
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.  
But such debates long since are flown:  
For ever set the suns that shone  
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:  
How shortly shall we both forget,  
To thee, my patron, I my debt,  
And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,  
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;  
Full soon the wide distinction die between  
The frowns and favours of the great ;  
High-flush'd Success, and pale Defeat,  
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.  
Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments ! stay :  
Oh, Friend ! as deaf, as rapid, they :  
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls !—  
Dost thou not hear it ? I can hear,  
Tho' nothing strikes the listening ear ;  
Time groans his last ; Eternal loudly calls !  
Nor calls in vain ; the call inspires  
Far other counsels and desires,  
Than once prevailed : we stand on higher ground :  
What scenes we see !—Exalted aim !  
With ardours new on spirits flame ;  
Ambition bless'd ! with more than laurels crown'd.

## A SEA-PIECE.

*ODE THE FIRST.*

## THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

IN lofty sounds let those delight  
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight,  
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke ;  
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend  
To foes the counsel of a friend,  
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.  
From whence arise these loud alarms ?  
Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms ?  
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd Ambition springs ;  
Ambition mean, ignoble pride !  
Perhaps their ardours may subside,  
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.  
Hear, and revere. At Britain's nod,  
From each enchanted grove and wood,  
Hastes the huge oak, or shapeless forest leaves ;  
The mountain pines assume new forms,  
Spread canvass wings, and fly thro' storms,  
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again ; the lab'ring earth  
Discloses a tremendous birth ;  
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore !  
Thence monsters of enormous size,  
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise ;  
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.  
These ministers of Fate fulfil,  
On empires wide, an island's will,  
When thrones unjust wake vengeance.    Know, ye  
                  pow'rs !  
In sudden night, and pond'rous balls,  
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,  
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs,  
In her grand council\* she surveys,  
In patriot picture, what may raise,  
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain ;  
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,  
Like darted lightning, swiftly down  
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain,  
Britannia sheaths her courage keen,  
And spares her nitrous magazine ;  
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,  
And leave all law below them, then they blaze !  
They thunder from resounding seas,  
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

\* House of Lords.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !  
And rends the skies, and warms the waves !  
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,  
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,  
While all serene, and hush'd above,  
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.  
A thousand deaths the bursting bomb  
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb ;  
Chain'd, glowing globes in dread alliance join'd,  
Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,  
Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and masts,  
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks b  
Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;  
The wreath immortal Ocean yields ;  
There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is :  
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,  
How lambent, is Bellona's flame !  
How her storms languish on the Continent !  
From the dread front of ancient war  
Less terror frown'd ; her scythed car,  
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,  
Stoop to those engines which deny  
Superior terrors to the sky,  
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and  
flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,  
The night by day, the sea of blood,  
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,  
The graveless dead an ocean warm'd,  
A firmament by mortals storm'd,  
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.  
Or do I dream? or do I rave?  
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,  
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?  
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,  
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,  
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.  
Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call  
Unfinished let those baubles fall,  
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:  
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!  
Charm'd by the magic of my song,  
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.  
Begin; and, first take rapid flight,\*  
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,  
And ghasty terror, paler than the dead;  
Then borrow from the North his roar,  
Mix groans and death; one phial pour  
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;  
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

\* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.



## ODE THE SECOND.

In which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

SO form'd the bolt ordain'd to break  
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,  
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,  
 And edge their swords. O Pow'r Divine !  
 If bless'd by thee the bold design,  
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead ! who fell of old  
 In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd  
 In deathless annal ! deathless deeds inspire :  
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,  
 Awake, illustrious Chiefs ! awake,  
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,  
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,  
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,  
 Or firm to stand its final blow,  
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,  
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main ;

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour !

" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r !

" *Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight !*

Now War's important die is thrown,  
 If left the day to man alone,  
 How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might?

Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,  
 And deep remorse, and sighs sincere,  
 For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;  
 A wrath more formidable far  
 Than angry Nature's wasteful war,  
 The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

From out the deep to thee we cry,  
 To thee, at Nature's helm on high!  
 Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!  
 To thee for succour we resort;  
 Thy favour is our only port;  
 Our only rock of safety thy defence.

O Thou! to whom the lions roar,  
 And, not unheard, thy boon implore!  
 Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:  
 Thou can'st arrest the flying ball,  
 And send it back, and bid it fall  
 From those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.  
 Pain in vain extends her care  
 To climes remote\* for aids in war;  
 Farther must it stretch to crush the foe: -

\* Russia.

“ There’s one alliance, one alone,  
“ Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,  
“ And that alliance is not found below.  
“ Ally Supreme ! we turn to thee ;  
“ We learn obedience from the sea ;  
“ With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;  
“ ’Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,  
“ To rouse or hush the martial storm,  
“ And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.  
“ ’Tis thine to beam sublime renown,  
“ Or quench the glories of a crown ;  
“ ’Tis thine to doom, ’tis thine from Death to free,  
“ To turn aside his levell’d dart,  
“ Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—  
“ There, we cast anchor, we confide in thee.  
“ Thou ! who hast taught the North to roar,  
“ And streaming\* lights nocturnal pour  
“ Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,  
“ Their blasted pride with dread to seize,  
“ Bid Britain’s flags, as meteors, blaze,  
“ And George depute to thunder in thy stead.  
“ The right alone is bold and strong ;  
“ Black hov’ring clouds appal the wrong  
“ With dread of vengeance.—Nature’s awful Sire !

\* Aurora Borealis.

- “ Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,  
“ Where is Puissance and Renown ?  
“ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.  
“ Let George the just chastise the vain :  
“ Thou ! who dost curb the rebel main,  
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !  
“ Bid George repel a bolder tide,  
“ The boundless swell of Gallic pride,  
“ And check Ambition’s overwhelming wave.  
“ And when (all milder means withstood)  
“ Ambition tam’d by loss of blood  
“ Regains her reason ; then, on angels’ wings,  
“ Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,  
“ With peals of joy, Britannia’s fleet,  
“ How richly freighted ; it triumphant brings  
“ The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings.”

# IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRIC.

*Written in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit.*

Occasioned by

*His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sep. 1729,  
and the succeeding Peace.*

.....

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres  
Quem super not as aluere ripas,  
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo  
Pindarus ore.

Concines lætosque dies, et urbis  
Publicum Indum, super impetrato  
Fortis Augusti reditu. *Hor.*

.....

## PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable sound ; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar ; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, tho' less obvious, and of greater dignity.

is is not the received notion of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large the hint which is now en.

Grade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly sea-able at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every vince than in the sublime, our two famous epic ms excepted. I was willing to make an attempt ere I had the fewest rivals.

f, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea he real interest, or possible glory, of his country n before, or a stronger impression from it, or a rmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any ther reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an ginal, though it professes imitation. No man can like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular rks, any more than like Raphael, by copying the rtoons. The genius and spirit of such great men ist be collected from the whole; and when thus we e possessed of it, we must exert its energy in sub-ts and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpinda-al as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an ginal; and he must be so too who would be like ndar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six ndred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, t relatively to the demand of the subject, and the

manner of treating it. A distich may be long, folio short. However, I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode, if you please. And if the variety and richness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than of length. But I think writing is what I think ought to be declined, if for nothing else, for our pleasure.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry; the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. I speak at my own very great peril; but truth is an eternal title to our confession, though we are made to suffer by it.

# THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE.

*On the British Trade and Navigation.*

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

.....

PRELUDE.

CONTENTS.

The Proposition. An Address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,  
 The naval oak nods o'er my head,  
 The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll ;  
 Ye winds ! indulge your rage no more ;  
 Ye sounding billows ! cease to roar :  
 The god descends, and transports warm my soul.  
 The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent ;  
 This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,  
 I celebrate in song. Fam'd Isle ! no less,



By Nature's favour, from mankind,  
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd ;  
Alone in bliss ! an isle in happiness !

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,  
Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,  
Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run,  
The royal eye dispels my cares,  
Recals the warmth of blooming years ;  
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

Away, my Soul ! salute the Pine\*,  
That glads the heart of Caroline,  
Its grand deposit faithful to restore ;  
Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold  
So rich a freight in gems or gold,  
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My Soul ! to thee she spreads her sails ;  
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales ;  
With inspiration from the Godhead warm ;  
Now bound for an eternal clime,  
O send her down the tide of Time,  
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,  
Which gods of old and heroes bore ;  
Bid her a British constellation rise——

\* The vessel in which the King came over.

The sea she scorns ; and now shall bound  
On lofty billows of sweet sound :  
I am her pilot, and her port the skies !  
Dare you to sing, ye tinkling Train !  
Silence, ye Wretched ! ye Profane !  
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods ;  
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,  
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,  
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.  
Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise !  
Of genuine title to the skies ;  
Ye founts of Learning ! and ye mints of Fame !  
You who file off the mortal part  
Of glowing thought with Atticart,  
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.  
I glow, I burn ! the numbers pure,  
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,  
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast ;  
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,  
The gen'rous bursts of willing wine  
Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

## STRAIN I.

## CONTENTS.

How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprizing instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

“OUR monarch comes ! nor comes alone.”

What shining forms surround his throne,  
O sun ! as planets thee. To my loud strain  
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance ;  
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance !  
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train !

“Our monarch comes ! nor comes alone !”

New glories kindle round his throne.  
The visions rise ! I triumph as I gaze.  
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late  
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,  
And now am present to the future blaze.

ge and Jove it is decreed,  
ity Months in pomp proceed,  
ghters of the Sun!—O thou divine,  
ndustry! a smiling earth  
e alone derives its birth :  
he ploughshare and its master shine.  
e, mast, cable, anchor, oar,  
e the cannon, and his roar ;  
urs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.  
fruit ! oak well might prove  
ed tree, the tree of Jove ;  
can give the naval oak bestows.  
nnot Industry complete ?  
nic war first flam'd, the great,  
ive, ardent Roman Fathers meet :  
your groves," a Flamen cries\* ;  
they fall, as soon they rise ;  
on a forest, and the next a fleet.  
ndulgence ? 'tis a toil ;  
es man, and damns the soil ;  
reation, plunges in distress,  
our being ; all devours ;  
ertion of our pow'rs !  
and thence only, glows our happiness.

\* L. Florus.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,  
The sun suspend his swift career,  
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force ;  
Ere man his active springs resign'd,  
Can rust in body and in mind,  
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source  
Where, Industry ! thy daughter fair ?  
Recal her to her native air :  
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flouri  
long ;  
And ever shall she flourish here :  
What tho' she languish'd ? 'twas but fear ;  
She's sound of heart ; her constitution's strong.  
Wake, sting her up. Trade ! lean no more  
On thy fix'd anchor ; push from shore ;  
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.  
And see ! she's rous'd ; absolv'd from fears,  
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,  
Spreads all her sail, and opens ev'ry port.  
See cherish'd by her sister, Peace,  
She levies gain on ev'ry place,  
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name !  
Again she travels with the sun,  
Again she draws a golden zone,  
Round earth and main : bright zone of wealth  
fame.

isand active hands, that hung  
ful sloth, with nerves unstrung,  
on's languid load, defy the storms,  
ets unfurl, and anchors weigh,  
; moor'd vessel wing to sea.  
worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,  
dgy foreheads lift and smile ;  
ns inverted, prodigally pour  
charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy  
a for their great ally,  
mes paid down. What can the gods do more ?

ssia costly furs, from far,  
na sends her painted jar,  
gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet,  
les of incense swells our sails,  
ant Ind our Merchant fails.  
est ore the ballast of our fleet.

it isle ! what tide that flows,  
m that glides, or wind that blows,  
.l sun that shines, or show'r that pours,  
s, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee ?  
ry heart dilates to see  
d's each season blending on thy shores !

All these one British harvest make ?  
The servant Ocean, for thy sake,  
Both sinks and swells ; his arms thy bosom  
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,  
To mighty George's growing pow'r,  
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown  
Fair virtue with the first renown ;  
A large revenue, and a large expence,  
When hearts for others' welfare glow,  
And spend as free as gods bestow,  
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow, then my breast ! abound, my store ;  
This, and this boldly I implore :  
Their want and apathy let Stoics boast ;  
Passions and riches, good or ill,  
As us'd by man demand our skill ;  
All blessings wound us when discretion's los  
Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,  
'Tis vice and folly to despise :  
Let those in praise of poverty refine,  
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,  
The narrow soul'd or the profuse !  
The truly great find morals in the mine

Happy the man ! who, large of heart,  
Has learnt the rare, illustrious art  
Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,  
From gold if more than chymic skill  
Extract not what is brighter still :  
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.  
Plenty's <sup>4</sup> a means, and joy her end :  
Exalted minds their joys extend.  
A Chandos shines when others' joys are done ;  
As lofty turrets, by their height,  
When humbler scenes resign their light,  
Retain the rays of the declining sun.  
Pregnant with blessings, Britain ! swear  
No sordid son of thine shall dare  
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace ;  
Who now his whole creation drains  
To pour into thy tumid veins  
That blood of nations, commerce and increase.  
How various Nature ! turgid grain  
Here nodding, floats the golden plain ;  
There worms weave silken webs, here glowing vines  
Lay forth their purple to the sun :  
Beneath the soil there harvests run,  
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.



What's various Nature? art divine,  
Man's soul to soften and refine ;  
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands im  
That all may stand in need of all,  
And int'rest draw around the ball  
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,  
His law supreme to mortal men,  
In their necessities distinctly writ :  
Ev'n appetite supplies the place  
Of absent virtue, absent grace,  
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,  
The wond'ring foreigner confound :  
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,  
As her proud scepter'd sons survey,  
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,  
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast !

Th'unwielded tun ! the pond'rous bale !  
Each prince his own clime set to sale  
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.  
How earth's abridg'd ! all nations range  
A narrow-spot ! our throng'd Exchange,  
And send the streams of plenty from their spr

Nor earth alone, all nature bends  
To aid in Britain's glorious ends.  
Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?  
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,  
Each willing wind her canvass calls;  
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,  
What though we creep beneath the shade,  
And seem as emmets on this point the ball?  
Heaven lighted up the human soul,  
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,  
And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,  
Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen;  
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light,  
Who thee obeys reigns over all;  
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;  
A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god,  
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;  
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.  
Others are passive, are impell'd,  
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,  
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame ;  
Shall monarchs awe ? or crowns inflame ?  
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs :  
Those men the silly world disarm,  
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,  
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,  
Are idle phantoms, and away :  
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,  
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all ;  
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,  
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view !  
Go, look your whole existence through,  
Thence form your rule ; thence fix your estimate ;  
For so the gods. But as the gains,  
How great the toil ? 'twill cost more pains  
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason ! the first palm is thine ;  
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine :  
By thee, Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's  
smile,  
Armies, in war of fatal frown,  
Of Peace the pride, Arts flowing down,  
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

## STRAIN II.

## CONTENTS.

Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain ;  
By commerce wafted o'er the main,  
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run ;  
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul !  
May travel thus from pole to pole,  
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold !  
Ply Commerce then ye Britons bold,  
Inur'd to winds and seas ! lest gods repent :  
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,  
And, as the trident's emblem, gave  
A triple realm that awes the continent :  
And awes with wealth ; for wealth is pow'r :  
When Jove descends, a golden show'r,  
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one——

View, emulate, outshine old Tyre ;  
In scarlet-rob'd, with gems on fire,  
Her Merchants princes ! ev'ry deck a throne !

She sat an empress ! aw'd the flood !  
Her stable column Ocean trod ;  
She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,  
By both obey'd ; the Syrian sings ;  
The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;  
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,  
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;  
High Lebanon her mast ; far Dedan warms  
Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;  
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;  
Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,  
The Golden City was her name !  
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze  
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,  
And rich as Nile's let others boast,  
Her's the far noblest harvest of the seas.

O merchant land ! as Eden fair !  
Ancient of empires ! Nature's care !  
The strength of Ocean ! head of Plenty's springs !

## ODES.

ie pride of isles, in wars rever'd !  
other of crafts ! lov'd ! courted ! fear'd !  
lot of kingdoms ! and support of kings !  
reat mart of nations !—but she fell :  
er pamper'd sons revolt ! rebel !  
gainst his fav'rite isle loud roars the Main !  
ie tempest howls, her sculptur'd dome  
on the wolf's refuge, dragon's home !  
ie land one altar ! a whole people slain !  
ie destin'd Day puts on her frown ;  
ie sable Hour is coming down ;  
e's on her march from yon almighty throne :  
ie sword and storm are in her hand ;  
e trumpets shrill her dread command :  
rk be the light of earth, the boast unknown !  
oh ! her sins, as red as blood,  
rimson deep outcry the flood :  
Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just ;  
venal is her council's tongue :  
riot, violence, and wrong,  
gold to dross, her blossom into dust !  
ings inglorious, far beneath  
high-born souls they proudly breathe  
did nobles sink ! her mighty bow !

Is it for this the groves around  
Return the tabret's sprightly sound?  
Is it for this her great ones toss the brow?  
What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?  
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,  
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?  
The spurious lord it o'er the land,  
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,  
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!  
Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,  
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,  
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,  
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,  
Her very priests in guilt abound:  
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.  
What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!  
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!  
What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!  
What public boasts! what private views!  
What desert temples! crowded stews!  
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!  
O! foul of heart, her fairest dames  
Decline the sun's intruding beams,  
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.

Alas ! there is who sees them there ;  
There is who flatters not the fair,  
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.  
He sees, and thunders !—Now in vain  
The courser paws and foams the rein,  
And chariots stream along the printed soil :  
In vain her high presumpt'ous air,  
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,  
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.  
In robes or gems, her costly strain,  
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain !  
In vain their golden heads her turrets rear ;  
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,  
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,  
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.  
In vain wine flows in various streams,  
With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;  
Damascus, vain ! unfolds the glossy store,  
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,  
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts ;  
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.  
Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !  
The nations hiss ! her glory ends !  
To ships, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;



Foes meet her there : the wind, the wave,  
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,  
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail,  
And mast of cedar, nought avail  
Or pilot learn'd ! she sinks, nor sinks alone ;  
Her gods sink with her ! to the sky,  
Which never more shall meet her eye,  
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What tho' so vast her naval might,  
In her first dawn'd the British right,  
All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet\*.  
What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy ?  
At length her foes that isle destroy,  
Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple, shake  
Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !  
" O fatal pride !" they cry, " this, this is she  
" Who said—With my own art and arm  
" In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—  
" And swell'd at heart vain empress of the sea !  
" This, this is she who meanly soar'd :  
" Alas ! how low to be ador'd,  
" And style herself a god !—Thro' stormy wars

\* Q. Curtia.

- “ This eagle-isle her thunder bore,  
“ High-fed her young with human gore,  
“ And would have built her nest among the stars.  
“ But ah, frail man ! how ïmpotent  
“ To stand heaven’s vengeance, or prevent !  
“ To turn aside the great Creator’s aim !  
“ Shall island kings with him contend,  
“ Who makes the poles beneath him bend,  
“ And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?  
“ Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,  
“ When from the brazen mountain’s brow  
“ The God of battles takes his mighty bow :  
“ Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,  
“ Puts on his vesture dipp’d in blood,  
“ And marches out to scourge the world below.  
“ Ah wretched isle, once call’d the great !  
“ Ah wretched isle ! and wise too late !  
“ The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out ;  
“ Thy luxury, corruption, pride,  
“ And, freedom lost, the realms deride ;  
“ Ador’d thee standing ; o’er thy ruins shout :  
“ To scourge with war, or peace bestow,  
“ Was thine, O fallen ! fallen low !  
“ ’Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates :

“ How art thou fallen, down, down, down !  
 “ Wide Waste, and Night, and Horror frown  
 “ Where Empire flam’d in gold, and balanc’d st

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### STRAIN III.

#### CONTENTS.

An inference from this history. Advice to B  
 More proper to her than other nations. Ho  
 the stroke of tyranny reaches. What suppor  
 endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of li  
 Britain’s obligation to pursue trade. Why abov  
 the globe is sea. Britain’s grandeur from her  
 tion. The winds, the seas, the constellations  
 scribed. Sir Isaac Newton’s praise. Britain  
 pared with other states. The leviathan desc  
 Britain’s site and ancient title to the seas. W  
 vals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some do  
 trade as mean; censured for it. Trade’s g  
 The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising ins  
 of magnificence. The merchant’s dignity.  
 pared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,  
 Our fortunes wither or endure :  
 Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.  
 What storms from Jove’s unwilling frown,  
 A people’s crimes solicit down !  
 Ocean’s the womb of riches and the grave.

This truth, O Britain ! ponder well :  
 Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.  
 What is large property ?—the sign of good,  
 Of worth superior : if 'tis less,  
 Another's treasure we possess,  
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.  
 This counsel suits Britannia's isle,  
 High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's smile :  
 To vassals prison'd in the continent,  
 Who starve at home on meagre toil,  
 And suck to death their mother soil,  
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.  
 Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,  
 And wound the soul ; bow genius down,  
 Lay virtue waste ! For worth or arts who strain,  
 To throw them at a monster's foot ?  
 'Tis property supports pursuit.  
 Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.  
 She pours the thought, and forms the style ;  
 She makes the blood and spirits boil :  
 I feel her now ! and rouse, and rise, and rave !  
 In Theban song. O Muse ! not thine,  
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine :  
 The man that can think greatly is no slave,  
 Others may traffic if they please ;  
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,

Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave  
And reap the growth of ev'ry coast :  
A speck of land ! but let her boast  
Gods gave the world, when they the waters ga  
Britain ! behold the world's wide face ;  
Nor cover'd half with solid space,  
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea !  
And why ? for commerce. Ocean streams  
For that, through all his various names ;  
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.  
Britain, like some great potentate  
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,  
Shuts out the nations ! Would a prince draw n  
He passes her strong guards, the waves,  
Of servant winds admission craves,  
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.  
There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there,  
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,  
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole ; all urg  
And urge for her, their various toil ;  
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,  
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.  
There are her friends, a marshall'd train !  
A golden host ! and azure plain !  
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat ;  
They may retreat, but not from her ;

rs that quit this hemisphere,  
it the skies to want a British fleet.  
or her, leans o'er her urn ;  
Orion's glories burn,  
iads gleam. For Britons set and rise  
r fac'd sons of Mazarèth,  
e deep chambers of the South,  
ging dog that fires the midnight skies.  
ations Newton made his own ;  
nate with him alone,  
hty soul did, like a giant, run  
vast volume's closing star ;  
er'd every character :  
son pour'd new light upon the sun,  
proud brothers of the land  
t our rock and barren strand ;  
h the sea : let Fohe's ancient line  
acks and ample beings vaunt ;  
mel low, small elephant ;  
in ! the leviathan is thine.  
ian ! whom Nature's strife  
t forth her largest piece of life !  
ps an isle ! his sports the billows warm ;  
ul Leviathan ! thy spout  
s the skies ; the stars are out :  
nks a river, and ejects a storm.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore,  
German and Caledonian roar ;  
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—  
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred ;  
“ The seas are ours,”—the monarchs said—  
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.  
Whence is a rival then to rise ?  
Can he be found beneath the skies ?  
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear :  
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,  
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,  
And prove their distance most as they draw near.  
Proud Venice sits amid the waves,  
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves ;  
Art's noblest boast ! but, O ! what wondrous odds  
’Twixt Venice and Britannia’s isle ?  
’Twixt mortal and immortal toil ?  
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.  
Let Holland triumph o’er her foes,  
But not o’er friends by whom she rose ;  
The child of Britain ! and shall she contend ?  
It were no less than parricide——  
What wonders rise from out the tide !  
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.  
And are there, then, of lofty brow,  
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow

So far beneath the state of noble birth ?  
Alas ! these chiefs but little know  
Commerce how high, themselves how low,  
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do  
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue  
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil ?  
High Commerce from the gods came down,  
With compass, chart, and starry crown,  
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow ;  
From forty crowns his mighty brow  
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand ;  
That arm which swept the bloody field,  
See ! the huge axe or hammer wield,  
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects ! first renown,  
Matchless example to the crown !  
Old Time is poor ; what age boasts such a sight ?  
Ye drones ! adore the man divine—  
No ; virtue still as mean decline ;  
Call Russians barb'rous and yourselves polite.

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,  
With Hiram strove in merchandise ;  
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar !  
That Merchant sinking to his grave,



A flood of treasure swells the cave ;  
 The king left much, the merchant bury  
 Is Merchant an inglorious name ?  
 No ; fit for Pindar such a theme,  
 Too great for me ; I pant beneath the  
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,  
 If words and thoughts to court my choic  
 Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach it  
 Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign ;  
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,  
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nat  
 With purple monarchs merchants vie :  
 If great to spend, what to supply ?  
 Priests pray for blessings, merchants pe  
 Kings Merchants are, in league, and lo  
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,  
 That o'er the teeming field prolific ran  
 Planets are Merchants, take, return,  
 Lustre and heat ; by traffic burn :  
 The whole creation is one vast Exchan  
 Is Merchant an inglorious name ?  
 What say the sons of letter'd Fame,

\* Vast treasure taken from Solomo  
 teen hundred years after his death, tl  
 lents at one time, and an immense sui

Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells ?  
In open life, in change of scene,  
Mid various manners, throngs of men,  
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.  
Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores  
Well weighs ; to starry science soars :  
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)  
The sites, tongues, int'rests, of the ball :  
Who studies trade, he studies all.  
Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men,

## STRAIN IV.

## CONTENTS.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should declare war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged by the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's Church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Trade more glorious in Britons than others. Trade warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The nation's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth King George II. His glory navally represented.

HOW shall I farther rouse the soul !  
 How Sloth's lascivious reign controul  
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?  
 How every breast inflame with mine ?  
 How bid my theme still brighter shine,  
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought !  
 O thou Dircæan swan on high,  
 Round whom familiar thunders fly !  
 While Jove attends a language like his own,  
 Thy spirit pour like vernal show'rs ;  
 My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,  
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,  
Grasp not at bloody fame for war ;  
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade :  
Jove gathers tempest black as night ;  
Jove pours the golden flood of light :  
~~Let~~ Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.  
Britain, a comet or a star,  
In commerce this, or that in war ;  
Let Britons shout ! earth, seas, and skies resound !  
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,  
And spirit dart thro' ev'ry nerve,  
Hear from the throne\* a voice thro' time renown'd,  
So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs,  
To cheer the globe, and wake the flow'rs :  
The bloom call'd forth, sees azure skies display'd :  
The bird of voice is proud to sing,  
Industrious bees ply ev'ry wing,  
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.  
Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun  
Is gone out too ; his race is run ;  
He shines in vain ; her isle's an isle indeed,  
A spot too small to be o'ercome :  
Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom !  
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

\* The King's Speech.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all :  
Trade's all herself : her's, her's the ball :  
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.  
Trade leads the dance, 'Trade lights the blaze ;  
The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !  
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the  
What Rome and all her gods defies ?  
The Punic oar ; behold it rise  
And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call :  
Rich cordials from his naval art  
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,  
That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.  
Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?  
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,  
In which his majesty first deign'd to dwell ;  
The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,  
Rich as the sun, thro' gold unweigh'd,  
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.  
Grandeur unknown to Solomon !\*  
Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan  
Beneath yon load ; created, sure, not made !  
Servant and rival of the skies !  
Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise ;  
What hand immortal rais'd thee ?—Humble Tri

\* St. Paul's built by the coal-tax.

Where hadst thou been if left at large,  
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge  
Had caught at Pleasure on the flow'ry green ?  
If they that watch'd the midnight star  
Had swung behind the rolling car,  
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been ?

As by repletion men consume,  
Abundance is the miser's doom.

Expend it nobly ; he that lets it rust,  
Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine ;  
Is not a man, but living mine,  
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,  
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,  
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ;  
Can make one house of human race,  
Can bid the distant poles embrace ;  
Her's ev'ry sun ; and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,  
With bounty feeds with laurel courts ;  
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,  
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,  
Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause :  
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine !  
You lend each other mutual aid ;  
Why is heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd ?

Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r  
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,  
Boundless in time and in degree ;  
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.  
False joy's a discomposing thing,  
That jars on Nature's trembling string,  
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame  
True joy the sunshine of the soul,  
A bright serene that calms the whole,  
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame  
Merchant ! religion is the care  
To grow as rich—as angels are ;  
To know false coin from true ; to sweep the  
The mighty stake secure, beyond  
The strongest tie of field or fund :  
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain  
Join then religion to thy store,  
Or India's mines will make thee poor.  
Greater than Tyre ! O bear a nobler mind,  
Sea sov'reign isle ! proud War decline,  
Trade patronize ! What glory thine,  
Ardent to bless, who could subdue mankind !  
Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,  
By day, by night ; the stars are thine :  
Wear out the stars in trade ! eternal run  
*From age to age, the noble glow,*

A rage to gain and to bestow :  
While ages last ! in trade burn out the sun.  
Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,  
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won :  
This Edgar great bequeath'd ; this Edward bold ;  
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire !  
O let Columbus' shade inspire !  
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.  
Columbus ! scarce inferior fame  
For thee to find, than heav'n to frame,  
That womb of gold and gem\* : her wide domain  
An universe ! her rivers seas !  
Her fruits, both men and gods to please !  
Heav'n's fairest birth ! and but for thee in vain.  
Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap ;  
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap ;  
New glory pour on her eternal sire :  
O noble search ! O glorious care !  
Are you not Britons ? why despair ?  
New worlds are due to such a godlike sire.  
Swear by the great Eliza's soul,  
That trade as long as waters roll :  
Ah ! no ; the gods chastise my rash decree :  
By great Eliza do not swear :

\* Vid. Descriptions of America.



For thee, O George ! the gods declare,  
And thou for them ! late time shall swear  
Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevail  
Full be thy fame as swelling sails ;  
Constant as tides, thy mind ; as masts,  
Thy justice an unerring helm,  
To steer Britannia's fickle realm ;  
Thy num'rous race sure anchor of her sail

## STRAIN V.

## CONTENTS.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British lady censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of Glory. Britain's record.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine !  
 (Of rising thought ! O golden mine !)  
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set nobound;  
 She sallies till she strikes the star ;  
 Expanding wide and launching far  
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.  
 Small isle ! for Cæsars, for the son  
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,  
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,  
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,  
 Not equal fame from fable shewn :  
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confin'd.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing ;  
Plain Truth's illustrious : as I sing,  
Oh hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay !  
Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,  
And spreads it to the planets round,  
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's swa  
The skies (fair printed page !) unfold  
The naval fame of heroes old,  
As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng :  
The deeds of Grecian mariners  
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,  
And noble verse that shall endure as long.  
The skies are records of the main ;  
Thence Argo listens to my strain :  
Chiron for song renown'd, his noble rage  
For naval fame and song reviews,  
As Britain's fame he hears and views ;  
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.  
The Whale (for late I sung his praise)  
Pours grateful lustre on my lays.  
How smiles Arion's\* friend with partial beam  
Eridanus would flatter too,  
But jealousies his smiles subdue ;  
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

\* The Dolphin.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,  
 To see his British brothers reign  
 As stars below : the Balance, George ! from thine,  
 Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh  
 More accurate the night and day ;  
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights !  
 How could the wise men gaze whole nights  
 On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's air ?  
 But, oh ! you practise shameful arts ;  
 Your own retain, seize others' hearts ;  
 Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

'Tis truth I sing by Cynthia's beam,  
 Pale Queen ! be flush'd at Britain's fame ;  
 And, rolling, tell the nations—o'er the main  
 " To share her empire is thy pride."

He, mighty Pow'r ! who curbs the tide,  
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd !  
 Britannia's centre and your bound ?

Austrian ! where'er Leviathan can roll  
 Is Britain's home ! and Britain's mine  
 Where'er the rip'ning son can shine !  
 Parts are for emperors ; for her the whole

Why, Austrian ! wilt thou hover still  
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill

To see thy welfare in the world's? too late  
Another Churchill thou may'st find,  
Another Churchill not so kind,  
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st ill, dost own  
Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne ;  
Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;  
Ill thou dost weigh that in Time's womb  
A day may sleep, a day of doom,  
As great to ruin as was that to save.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,  
Whose boasted inspiration's vain?  
Yet what if my prediction should prove true?  
Knowst thou the fatal pair who shine  
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine  
As one rejected, what if one subdue?

What naval scene\* adorns the seat  
Of awful Britain's high debate,  
Inspire her councils, and records her power?  
The nations know, in glowing balls  
On sinking thrones the tempest falls  
When her august assembled senates lower.

O language, fit for thought so bold!  
Would Britain have her anger told?

\* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Ah ! never let a meaner language sound,  
Than that which prostrates human souls,  
Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,  
And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.  
Nor realms unbounded, not a flood  
Of natives, not expence of blood,  
Or reach of council, gives the world a lord ;  
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,  
As mortal man o'er men can fly.  
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.  
Nay, hers the sword, for fleets have wings,  
Like lightning fly to distant kings :  
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.  
Is war proclaim'd ? our wars are hurl'd  
To farthest confines of the world,  
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.  
The king of tempests, Æolus,  
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,  
On rapid errands, as they fly they roar,  
And carry sable clouds, and sweep  
The land, the desert, and the deep !  
Earth shakes ! proud cities fall, and thrones adore !  
The fools of Nature ever strike  
On bare outsides, and loathe, or like  
As glitter bids : in endless error vie ;  
Admire the purple and the crown :

Of human welfare and renown  
Trade's the big heart ; bright empire but their eye.  
Whence Tartar grand, or Mogul great ?  
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state ;  
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,  
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,  
That meanest product of their soil,  
Their people sell ; one half on th' other feed.  
Of Nature's wealth, from commerce rent,  
Afric's a glaring monument :  
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,  
(Curs'd in a paradise !) she pines :  
O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,  
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.  
Not so thine, China ! blooming wide,  
Thy num'rous fleets might bridge the tide ;  
Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines.  
Shut be that gate of trade ! or woe  
To Britains ! Europe 'twill o'erflow.  
Ungrateful song ! her growth\* inspires thy lines.  
Britain ! to these, and such as these,  
The river broad, and foaming seas,  
Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,  
Devoid of naval skill or might ;

\* Coffee.

Those sever'd parts of earth unite :  
Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand  
The various streams of trade command !  
That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe ;  
That awful power the world would brave,  
Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave ;  
Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth ?  
From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth :  
To George from Noah, Empires living, dead,  
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,  
Time's whole plain chronicle is all  
One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

'Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,  
And power from wealth : of power is made  
The god on earth : hail, then, the dove of peace !  
Whose olive speaks the raging flood  
Of War repress'd : what's loss of blood ?  
War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

Then perish War—detested War !  
Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star ?  
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,  
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line ?  
Why not adore, too, as divine,  
Wide wasting storms before the genial sun ?



Peace is the merchant's summer clear ;  
 His harvest—harvest round the year !  
 For peace with laurel every mast be bound ;  
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,  
 Each cannon sound, each sailor shout ;  
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd !  
 Sacred are ships, of birth divine !  
 An angel drew the first design ;  
 With which the patriarch\* Nature's ruin brav'd :  
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,  
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew,  
 The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.  
 How sacred, too, the Merchant's name !—  
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,  
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law :  
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,  
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,  
 Merchants ambassadors ! and thrones in awe !  
 'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,  
 The march of stars, the birth of climes :  
 Summer and winter theirs ; theirs land and sea :  
 Theirs are the seasons, months and years,  
 And each a diff'rent garland wears :  
 O that my song could add eternity !

\* Noah.

† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

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Praise is the sacred oil that feeds  
The burning lamp of godlike deeds :  
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.  
Whither, ye Britons ! are ye bound ?  
O noble voyage, glorious round !  
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.  
If to my subject rose my soul,  
Your fame should last while oceans roll :  
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,  
As we the Greeks of mighty name,  
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,  
Look up, and read her story in the skies.\*  
Ye Syrens ! sing ; ye Tritons ! blow ;  
Ye nereids dance ; ye Billows ! flow ;  
Roll to my measures O ye starry throng !  
Ye Winds ! in concert breathe around ;  
Ye Navies ! to the concert bound  
From pole to pole ! to Britain all belong.

\* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

## THE MORAL.

## CONTENTS.

The most happy should be the most virtuous  
eternity. What Britain's art should be,  
slavery.

BRITAIN ! thus bless'd, thy blessing know  
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow ;  
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore :  
Vain swellings of thy soul repress ;  
They most may lose who most possess ;  
Then let us bless with awe, and tremble at thee  
Nor be too fond of life at best ;  
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest :  
Let thought fly forward ; 'twill gay prospect  
Prospects immortal ! that deride  
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,  
And make it perfect fortitude to live.  
O for eternity ! a scene  
To fair adventurers serene !  
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown !  
Traffic with gods ! what transports roll !  
What boundless import to the soul !  
The poor man's empire ! and the subject's crown !

lore the gods, and plough the seas :  
these be thy arts, O Britain ! these.  
t others pant for an immense command ;  
t others breathe War's fiery god :  
e proudest victor fears thy nod,  
ng as the trident fills thy glorious hand.  
orious while heaven-born freedom lasts,  
hich Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts :  
r what is tyranny ? a monstrous birth  
om luxury, by bribes caress'd,  
glowing pow'r in shades compress'd,  
hich stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

## THE CLOSE.

## CONTENTS.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject. How Britain should be sung by all.

THEE, Trade ! I first, who boast no store,  
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,  
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,  
 And send thy flag triumphant down  
 The tide of time to sure renown :  
 O bless my country ! and thou pay'st my song.  
 Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;  
 Why then unsung ? my simple aim  
 To dress plain sense, and fire the gen'rous blood,  
 Nor sport imaginations vain ;  
 But list with yon ethereal train\*  
 The shining muse, to serve the public good.  
 Of ancient art, and ancient praise,  
 The springs are open'd in my lays† :

\* The stars.

† — Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis  
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;  
 Ascæumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.  
*Virg.*

Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,  
And think their glory sung anew,  
Till chiefs of equal fame they view,  
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.  
Not Pindar's theme with mine compares ;  
As far surpass'd as useful cares  
Transcend diversion light, and glory vain :  
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,  
And panting steed, to him belong ;  
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.  
Nor, Chandos ! thou the Muse despise  
That would to glowing Ætna rise,  
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time !  
Seldom to man the gods impart  
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.  
In life or song how rare the true sublime !  
None British born will sure disdain  
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,  
Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd ;  
(How vain the muse !) the lay may last,  
Thus twin'd-around the British mast,  
The British mast with nobler laurels bound !  
Weak ivy curls round naval oak,  
And smiles at winds and storms unbroke ;  
By strength not her's sublime : thus proud to soar,  
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain,

And lives and echoes through the plain,  
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar,  
Be dumb, ye growling sons of verse,  
Who sing not actions, but rehearse,  
And fool the muse with impotent desire ;  
Ye sacrilegious ! who presume  
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,  
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

## CHORUS.

Ye Syrens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;  
Ye Nereids, dance ; ye billows, flow ;  
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng !  
Ye winds, in concert breathe around ;  
Ye navies, to the concert bound  
From pole to pole ; to Britain all belong :  
Britain to heaven : from heaven descends my song.

## VERSES

Occasioned by  
**THAT FAMOUS PIECE OF THE  
 CRUCIFIXION.**

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO\*.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,  
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies ;  
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,  
 Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;  
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,  
 Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies :  
 He studies torment ; dives in mortal woe ;  
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow ;  
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,  
 Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.  
 O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !  
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught !  
 Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,  
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

\* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.



## AN HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN Epilogue thro' custom, is your right,  
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night.  
To night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies ;  
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.  
In history's authentic record read  
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade !  
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,  
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,  
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan :  
Nor reign'd he long ; from Rome swift thunder flew,  
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw :  
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,  
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled :  
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,  
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,  
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung ;  
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,  
At which thy tears, O Rome ! began to flow,  
So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,  
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel ?

## HISTORICAL EPILOGUE.

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see the slaves of his worst foes increase  
from such a source !—an emperor's embrace ?  
sicken'd soon to death ; and, what is worse,  
well deserv'd, and felt the coward's curse ;  
pity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,  
far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.  
pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,  
friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.  
suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,  
not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.  
ends it thus—Dire vengeance to complete,  
ancient empire falling, shares his fate.  
throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd !  
nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.  
public woes a prince's crimes pursue,  
public blessings are his virtues' due.  
ut, Britons ! shout ;—auspicious fortune bless !  
cry, Long live—our title to success !

## EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,\*

*In Westminster-Abbey, 1740.*

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,  
 This marble shall compel the brave to weep :  
 As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn ;  
 'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.  
 Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,  
 And ripe his worth, though immature his fate ;  
 Each tender grace that joy and love inspire,  
 Living he mingled with his martial fire :  
 Dying, he bid Britannia's thunder's roar ;  
 And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

\* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's who was one of the sons of King Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711, and being regularly bred to the sea-service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his Majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagera, March 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the king's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the inscription on his monument, was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones, of Oxford, who also wrote a Poem on his death, printed in *Miscellanies*, 8vo. 1752.

## TO MR. ADDISON,

## ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see—is Cato then become  
 A greater name in Britain than in Rome ?  
 Does mankind now admire his virtues more  
 Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before ?  
 How will posterity this truth explain ?  
 “ Cato begins to live in Anna’s reign.”  
 The world’s great chief, in council or in arms,  
 Rise in your lines with more exalted charms ;  
 Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,  
 And virtues by departed heroes taught,  
 Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,  
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame ;  
 To your renown all ages you subdue,  
 And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

*All Soul’s Coll. Oxon.*

## EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend !  
 Here lies an *honest man*,  
 Of perfect piety,  
 Of lamb-like patience,  
 My friend, James Barker ;  
 To whom I pay this mean memorial,  
 For what deserves the greatest.  
 An example  
 Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,  
 Industrious in low estate,  
 The lesson and reproach of those above him.  
 To lay this little stone  
 Is my ambition ;  
 While others rear  
 The polish'd marbles of the great !  
 Vain pomp !  
 A turf o'er virtue charms us more.  
 E. Y. 1749.

THE END.

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*B. Johnson, Printer.*





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